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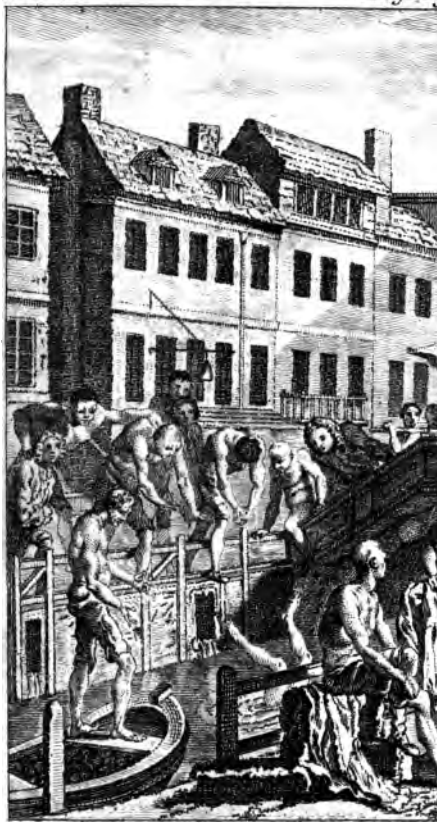
Cleveland Hoadley Dodge

Pope
NCF



Here strip my Children! here at once le
Here prove who best can dash thro thick
Dunciad

THE

WORKS

John OF *Ballantyne*

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME V.

CONTAINING THE

THREE FIRST BOOKS

OF THE

DUNCIAD.

LONDON,
Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON;
H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

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ΠΟΙΚΙΛΗ

THE

) UNCIAD,

IN

FOUR BOOKS,

WITH THE

'ROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS,

THE

[YPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

A

LETTER

TO THE

PUBLISHER,

Occaſioned by the firſt correct

Edition of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleaſure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many ſurreptitious ones have rendered ſo neceſſary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A Work ſo requiſite, that I cannot think the Author himſelf would have omitted it, had he approved of the firſt appearance of this Poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me I herewith ſend you: You will oblige me by inſerting them

amongſt thoſe which are, or will be, tranſmitte to you by others; ſince not only the Author friends, but even ſtrangers, appear engaged by hu manity, to take ſome care of an Orphan of ſo muc genius and ſpirit, which its parent ſeems to hav abandoned from the very beginning, and ſuffered t ſtep into the world naked, unguarded, and unat tended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive paper lately publiſhed, that my great regard to a Perſon whoſe Friendſhip I eſteem as one of the chie honours of my life, and a much greater reſpect t Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged m in enquiries, of which the encloſed *Notes* are th fruit.

I perceived, that moſt of theſe Auhors had bee (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt aggreſſors. The had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to b got by railing at each other: Nobody was eithe concerned or ſurprized, if this or that ſcrible was proved a dunce. But every one was curiou to read what could be ſaid to prove Mr. POPE one and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a diſco very: A ſtratagem, which would they fairly own it might not only reconcile them to me, but ſcree them from the reſentment of their lawful Superiors whom they daily abuſe, only (as I charitably hope to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *fro* them.

ound this was not all: Ill ſucceſs in that had ported them to Perſonal abuſe, either of him- or (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his ds. They had called Men of virtue and honour Men, long before he had either leiſure or incli- n to call them bad writers: And ſome had been old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their ns as well as their ſlanders, 'till they were pleaſed vive them.

ow what had Mr. POPE done before, to incenſe ? He had publiſhed thoſe works which are in ands of every body, in which not the leaſt men- is made of any of them. And what has he done ? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. t has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, h the public had ſaid before, that they were : And what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they ſelves were at great pains to procure, or even haſe room in the prints to teſtify under their s to the truth of it.

hould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch ers, or if they had only meddled with his ings; ſince whoever publiſhes, puts himſelf on rial by his Country. But when his Moral icter was attacked, and in a manner from h neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt ent; in a manner, which, though it annihi-

lates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt a impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of t accuſers; I mean by Authors *without names*; th I thought, ſince the danger was common to a the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an a of juſtice to detect the Authors, not only on t account, but as many of them are the ſame w for ſeveral years paſt have made free with the great names in Church and State, expoſed to the world t private misfortunes of Families, abuſed all, even women, and whoſe proſtituted papers (for one other Party, in the unhappy diviſions of their Countr have inſulted the Fallen, the Friendleſs, the Exil' and the Dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a public concer I have already confeſſed I had a private one. am one of that number who have long loved a eſteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it w not his capacity or writings (which we ever thoug the leaſt valuable part of his character) but t honeſt, open, and beneficent man, that we m eſteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what the people ſay were believed, I muſt appear to all n friends either a fool, or a knave; either impoſed myſelf, or impoſing on them; ſo that I am as mu intereſted in the confutation of theſe calumnies, he is himſelf.

I am no Author, and conſequently not to

ıſpected either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt ay of the Men, of whom ſcarce one is known to ıe by ſight; and as for their Writings, I have ought them (on this one occaſion) in vain, in the loſets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had ill been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not rocured me (I ſuppoſe from ſome of themſelves, r they are generally much more dangerous friends han enemies) the paſſages I ſend you. I ſolemnly roteſt I have added nothing to the malice or bſurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, nce the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon and o irrecoverably loſt. You may in ſome meaſure revent it, by preſerving at leaſt their Titles [a], and iſcovering (as far as you can depend on the truth f your information) the Names of the concealed uthors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the 'oem is, that the perſons are too *obſcure* for ſatire. The perſons themſelves, rather than allow the bjection, would forgive the ſatire; and if one ould be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were ot all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſo- nce of the rabble without doors, and of domeſ- ics within, moſt wrongfully chaſtiſed, if the Mean- eſs of offenders indemnified them from puniſh-

[a] Which we have done in a Liſt printed in the Appendix.

ment? On the contrary, Obſcurity renders them more dangerous, as leſs thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: Morality alone can paſs cenſure on intentions of Miſchief; ſo that for ſecret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark there is no public puniſhment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that theſe ſort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuſe at the Old Baily, for leſſer crimes than Defamation (for 'tis the caſe of almoſt all who are tried there) but ſure it can be none here: For who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation ſupplies the want of it in himſelf? I queſtion not but ſuch authors are poor, and heartily wiſh the objection were removed by any honeſt livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the ſubject. He who deſcribes Malice and Villainy to be pale and meagre, expreſſes not the leaſt anger againſt Paleneſs or Leanneſs, but againſt Malice and Villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon? Not but Poverty itſelf becomes a juſt ſubject of ſatire, when it is the conſequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increaſes the public burden, fills the ſtreets and highways with Robbers, and the Garrets with Clippers, Coiners and Weekly Journaliſts.

: admitting that two or three of theſe offend leſs
ir morals, than in their writings; muſt Poverty
nonſenſe ſacred? If ſo, the fame of bad authors
l be much better conſulted than that of all the
ones in the world; and not one of an hundred
ver been called by his right name.

ıey miſtake the whole matter: It is not charity
courage them in the way they follow, but to get
out of it; for men are not bunglers becauſe
are poor, but they are poor becauſe they are
lers.

it not pleaſant enough, to hear our authors
g out on the one hand, as if their perſons and
ıcters were too ſacred for ſatire; and the pub-
ɔjecting on the other, that they are too mean
for ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be
end, it muſt be allowed, our author, by and
is Poem, has mercifully given them a little of

here are two or three, who by their rank and
ne have no benefit from the former objections,
oſing them good, and theſe I was ſorry to ſee in
company. But if, without any provocation, two
ree Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair
ein his intereſt and reputation are equally em-
ed; they cannot certainly, after they have been
ent to print themſelves his enemies, complain of
g put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been c
his Friends. Surely they are their enemies
ſay ſo, ſince nothing can be more odious thar
treat a friend as they have done. But of th
cannot perſuade myſelf, when I conſider the conf
and eternal averſion of all bad writers to a good or

Such as claim a merit from being his Admi
I would gladly aſk, if it lays him under a perſ
obligation? At that rate he would be the r
obliged humble ſervant in the world. I dare ſw
for theſe in particular, he never deſired them to
his admirers, nor promiſed in return to be the
That had truly been a ſign he was of their acqu
tance; but would not the malicious world have
pected ſuch an Approbation of ſome motive w
than ignorance, in the author of the Eſſay on Critici
Be it as it will, the reaſons of their Admiration
of his Contempt are equally ſubſiſting, for his wc
and theirs are the very ſame that they were.

One, therefore, of their aſſertions I believe
be true, "That he has a contempt for their w
"ings." And there is another, which would
bably be ſooner allowed by himſelf than by
good judge beſide, "That his own have ſo
"too much ſucceſs with the public." But a
cannot conſiſt with his modeſty to claim this a
Juſtice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the pul
to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might ſeem a better plea for theſe people, than any they have made uſe of. If Obſcurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from ſatire, much more ſhould Folly or Dulneſs, which are ſtill more involuntary; nay, as much ſo as perſonal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man ſets up for being handſome; and ſo muſt Dulneſs when he ſets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed becauſe Ridicule in itſelf is, or ought to be, a pleaſure; but becauſe it is juſt to undeceive and vindicate the honeſt and unpretending part of mankind from impoſition, becauſe particular intereſt ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made ſo, in complaiſance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever ſo poor or ever ſo dull, have been conſtantly the topics of the moſt candid ſatiriſts, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greateſt Poet and moſt judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt him and our author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhewn them

by their Superiors, in the general eſteem of the Equals, and in their extended reputation among Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abilities in their reſpective nations [b]. But the reſemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abuſed by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of the times; of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almoſt all his Poems, our author has only in this: I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on the principle, of attacking few but who had ſlandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However as the parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will con

[b] Eſſay on Criticiſm in French verſe, by General Hamilton the ſame, in verſe alſo, by Monſieur Roboton, Counſellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel in verſe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princeſs of Conti, Paris 1728: and in Italian verſe, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Eſſay and Diſſertations on Homer, ſeveral times tranſlated into French. Eſſay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe; by Monſieur Silhouet, in proſe, 1737. and ſince by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

tinue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhould give us an edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at laſt by BOILEAU.

In one point I muſt be allowed to think the character of our Engliſh Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Succeſs; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without penſions, from whom, as he aſked, ſo he received, no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more juſt for being delayed, ſo were his Panegyrics; beſtowed only on ſuch perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch virtues as he had long obſerved in them, and only at ſuch times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of faſhion [c]. A ſatire, therefore, on writers ſo notorious for the contrary practice, became no man ſo well as himſelf; as none, it is plain, was ſo little in their friendſhips, or ſo much in that of thoſe whom they had moſt abuſed, namely the Greateſt and Beſt of

[c] As Mr. Wycherly, at the time the Town declaimed againſt his book of Poems; Mr. Walſh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had reſigned the Office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford in his laſt decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: *Others only* in Epitaphs.

all Parties. Let me add a further rea
though engaged in their Friendſhips,
eſpouſed their Animoſities; and can alm
challenge this honour, not to have writte
any man, which, through Guilt, through
through Fear, through variety of Fortune,
of Intereſts, he was ever unwilling to ow

I ſhall conclude with remarking what
it muſt be to every reader of Humanity,
along, that our Author in his very laugh
indulging his own ill-nature, but only puni
of others. As to his Poem, thoſe alone a
of doing it juſtice, who, to uſe the words
writer, know how hard it is (with regard
ſubject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NO
OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, F
GRATIAM. I am

Your moſt humble Ser

St. James's
Dec. 22d, 1728. WILLIAM C

[d] This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at
ſity of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He ſer
under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was n
the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms in Scotland,
Taxes in England; in which, having ſhewn
twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptib
without any other aſſiſtance of Fortune) he was f
placed by the Miniſter, in the ſixty-eighth year
and died two months after, in 1741. He was
Univerſal Learning, and an enlarged Converſatio
had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a ſincerer
to the Conſtitution of his Country.

ARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

rolegomena and Illuſtrations

TO THE

UNCIAD:

WITH THE

ypercritics of ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the moſt *reaſonable* thing in the world, to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *perſons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the ſooner, of a *ſhort profit* and a *tranſitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very *unfit*, and to have recourſe to *ſomething* in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE *Perſons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the moſt part *Authors*, and moſt of thoſe Authors, *Poets*: And the cenſures he hath paſſed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the *Poetaſters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expoſe the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry,

The Judges and Magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be reproached with *Ill nature* for putting the Laws in execution againſt a Thief or Impoſtor.—The ſame will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to ſcribling paſs on the World.

THEOBALD, Letter to Miſt, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either againſt *Failures* in *Genius*, or againſt the *Pretenſions* of *writing without one.*

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A *Satire* upon *Dulneſs* is a thing that has been *uſed* and *allowed* in *All Ages.*

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING

Our POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection: but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but

for this our diligence, could never at the diſtance of a few months appear to the eye of the moſt curious. Hereby thou may'ſt not only receive the delectation of Variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the Witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence alſo thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Perſon as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: in which if I relate ſome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and ſome of as little even to him; I entreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modeſt or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We propoſed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: But as to theſe, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One ſaith [a], he was educated at home; another [b], that he was bred at

[a] Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his Life.
[b] Dennis's Reflections on the Eſſay on Crit.

St. Omer's by Jeſuits; a third [c], not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth [d], that he had no Univerſity education at all. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One ſaith [e], he was kept by his father on purpoſe; a ſecond [f], that he was an itinerant prieſt; a third [g], that he was a parſon; one [h] calleth him a ſecular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another [i], a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one [k] ſuppoſeth, like the Father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant; another [l], a huſbandman; another [m], a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet ſuch a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Dæmon: For thus Mr. Gildon [n]: "Certain it is, that his original is not from "Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing "but horns and tail to be the exact reſemblance

[c] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. [d] Guardian, N° 40. [e] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. [f] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. [g] Farmer P. and his ſon. [h] Dunciad diſſected. [i] Characters of the times, p. 45. [k] Female Dunciad, p. ult. [l] Dunciad Diſſected. [m] Roome, Paraphraſe on the ivth of Geneſis, printed 1729. [n] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716. p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (firſt edit. ſaid to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the ſubſequent editions of his Key he left out this aſſertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

" of his infernal Father." Finding, therefore, t contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be our this ſort of generation) not being fond to enter controverſy, we ſhall defer writing the life of Poet, 'till authors can determine among themſe what Parents or Education he had, or whethe had any Education or Parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Wo tho' not leſs uncertain the judgments concern them; beginning with his ESSAY on CRITICISM. which hear firſt the moſt antient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

" His precepts are falſe or trivial, or both; " thoughts are crude and abortive, his expreſſ " abſurd, his numbers harſh and unmuſical, " rhymes trivial and common;—inſtead of maj " we have ſomething that is very mean; inſtea " gravity, ſomething that is very boyiſh; and inſ " of perſpicuity and lucid order, we have but " often obſcurity and confuſion." And in ano place: " What rare *numbers* are here! Would " one ſwear that this youngſter had eſpouſed ſ " antiquated Muſe, who had ſued out a div " from ſome ſuperannuated ſinner, upon accoun " impotence, and who, being poxed by her fo " ſpouſe, has got the gout in her decrepid " which makes her *hobble ſo damnably* o."

o Reflections critical and ſatirical on a Rhapſody, c An Eſſay on Criticiſm. Printed for Bernard Lintot, o

No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hyper-critical Hiſtorian

Mr. OLDMIXON.

" I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criti-
" ciſm in verſe; but if any more curious reader has
" diſcovered in it ſomething *new* which is not in
" Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his eſſay on
" dramatic poetry, not to mention the French cri-
" tics, I ſhould be very glad to have the benefit of
" the diſcovery [p]."

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great reſpect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Eſſay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticiſms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth [q]: " As to the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts,
" &c. both in verſe and proſe, that have been
" written by the moderns on this ground-work, they
" do but *hackney the ſame thoughts over again*, making
" them ſtill more *trite*. Moſt of their pieces are
" nothing but a pert, inſipid heap of *common places*.
" Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown
" out ſeveral things which plainly ſhew, he thought

[p] Eſſay on Criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England.

[q] Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

" an Art of Poetry was of no uſe, even while
" was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only o
poſe that of

Mr. ADDISON.

" [f] The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which w
" publiſhed ſome months ſince, is a maſter-piece
" its kind. The obſervations follow one anoth
" like thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, withc
" that methodical regularity which would have be
" requiſite in a proſe writer. They are ſome
" them *uncommon*, but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſe
" to, when he ſees them explain'd with that e
" and perſpicuity in which they are delivered.
" for thoſe which are the *moſt known* and t
" moſt *receiv'd*, they are placed in ſo beautiful
" light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt alluſions, th
" they have in them all the graces of novelty; a
" make the reader, who was before acquainted wi
" them, ſtill more convinced of their truth and ſo
" dity. And here give me leave to mention wh
" Monſieur Boileau has ſo well enlarged upon in t
" preface to his works: That wit and fine writi
" doth not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things th
" are new, as in giving things that are known
" agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us who li

[f] Spectator, N° 253.

the latter ages of the world, to make obſerva-
ns in criticiſm, morality, or any art or ſcience,
ich have not been touch'd upon by others; we
re little elſe left us, but to repreſent the com-
n ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, more beau-
l, or more uncommon lights. If a reader
mines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find
t few precepts in it which he may not meet with
Ariſtotle, and which were not commonly
wn by all the poets of the Auguſtan age.
s way of expreſſing, and applying them, not
invention of them, is what we are chiefly to
nire.

Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the
ne kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in the
eral paſſages that occaſioned them: I cannot
t take notice that our Engliſh author has after
: ſame manner exemplified ſeveral of the pre-
ts in the very precepts themſelves." He then
ees ſome inſtances of a particular beauty in the
ers, and concludes with ſaying, that "there
three poems in our tongue of the ſame nature,
l each a maſter-piece in its kind: The Eſſay
Tranſlated Verſe; the Eſſay on the Art of
etry; and the Eſſay on Criticiſm."

WINDSOR FOREST, poſitive is the judgment
affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

" [s] That it is a wretched rhapſody, impuden
" writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir Jo
" Denham: the author of it is obſcure, is am
" guous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous
But the author of the Diſpenſary,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, diſ
from this opinion: " Thoſe who have ſeen th
" two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Wi
" ſor Foreſt, the one written by Sir John Denha
" the other by Mr. Pope, will ſhew a great deal
" candor if they approve of this."

Of the Epiſtle of ELOISA, we are told by
obſcure writer of a poem called Sawny, " T
" becauſe Prior's Henry and Emma charm'd
" fineſt taſtes, our author writ his Eloiſe *in oppoſ*
" *to it*; but forgot innocence and virtue: If
" take away her tender thoughts, and her fi
" deſires, all the reſt is of no value." In wh
methinks, his judgment reſembleth that of a Fre
taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames. "
" this is very fine, but take away the river, an
" is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

[s] Letter to B. B. at the ends of the Remarks on Po
Homer, 1717. [t] Printed 1728, p. 12.

Mr. PRIOR

himſelf, ſaying in his *Alma* [u],

O *Abelard!* ill fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's ſong:
Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web: and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs, &c.

Come we now to his tranſlation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens, yet ſhall it ſuffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwiſe a ſevere cenſurer of our author) yet ſtyleth this a "laudable tranſlation [w]." That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Eſſay, frequently commends the ſame. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it [x], "The ſpirit of Homer breathes all "through this tranſlation.—I am in doubt, whether "I ſhould moſt admire the juſtneſs to the original,

[u] Alma, Cant. 2. [w] In his Eſſays, vol. 1. printed for E. Curl. [x] Cenſor, vol. ii. n. 33.

" or the force and beauty of the language, (
" ſounding variety of the numbers: But w
" find all theſe meet, it puts me in mind of
" the poet ſays of one of his heroes, That he
" rais'd and flung with eaſe a weighty ſtone
" two common men could not lift from the gr
" juſt ſo, one ſingle perſon has performed i
" tranſlation, what I once deſpaired to hav
" done by the force of ſeveral maſterly h
Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have ch
his ſentiment in his Eſſay on the Art of ſink
reputation, (printed in Miſt's Journal, Mar
1728.) where he ſays thus: " in order to f
" reputation, let him take it into his head to d
" into Homer (let the world wonder, as
" how the devil he got there) and pretend
" him into Engliſh, ſo his verſion denote his
" of the manner how." Strange Variation
are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

" That this tranſlation of the Iliad was not
" reſpects conformable to the fine taſte of his
" Mr. Addiſon; inſomuch that he emplo
" *younger muſe*, in an undertaking of this
" which he ſuperviſed himſelf." Whether Mr.
ſon did find it conformable to his taſte, or no
appears from his own teſtimony the year fol
its publication, in theſe words:

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

"When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, "I am in a particular manner pleaſed with the "labours of thoſe who have improved our language "with the tranſlations of old Greek and Latin "authors,—We have already moſt of their Hiſto-"rians in our own tongue, and, what is more for "the honour of our language, it has been taught "to expreſs with elegance the greateſt of their poets "in each nation. The illiterate among our own "countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's "Virgil of the moſt perfect Epic performance. And "thoſe parts of Homer which have been publiſhed "already by Mr. Pope, give us reaſon to think that "the Iliad will appear in Engliſh with as little diſ-"advantage to that immortal poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake, for this *younger muſe* was an *elder*: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it *after him*, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it *before* [y]. Contrariwiſe that Mr. Addiſon engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713.

[y] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel's tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, 4to.

where he declares it is his opinion, that no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakeſpear on the ſtage: "Let "him (quoth one, whom I take to be, Mr. THEOBALD, Miſt's Journal, June 8, 1728.) "publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and "forget to diſcharge even the dull duty of an editor. "In this project let him lend the bookſeller his "name (for a competent ſum of money) to promote "the credit of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle reader, be pleaſed to caſt thine eye on the *Propoſal* below quoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the former aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8, "The bookſeller propoſed the book by "ſubſcription, and raiſed ſome thouſands of pounds "for the ſame: I believe the gentleman did *not* "ſhare in the profits of this extravagant ſub-"ſcription.

"After the Iliad, he undertook (ſaith MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.) "the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey; and having "ſecured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, he "employed ſome *underlings* to perform what, accord-"ing to his propoſals, ſhould come from his own "hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppoſe nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY. (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occaſion to declare that the ſubſcription

" for Shakeſpear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonſon:
" And that the benefit of *this Propoſal* is not ſolely
" for my own uſe, but for that of *two of my friends*,
" who have *aſſiſted me in this work*." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himſelf in another of Miſt's Journals, March 30, 1728. ſaying,
" That he would not adviſe Mr. Pope to try the
" experiment again of getting a great part of a book
" done by aſſiſtants, leſt thoſe extraneous parts ſhould
" unhappily aſcend to the ſublime, and retard the
" declenſion of the whole." Behold! theſe *Underlings* are become good writers!

If any ſay, that before the ſaid Propoſals were printed, the ſubſcription was begun without declaration of ſuch aſſiſtance; verily thoſe who ſet it on foot, or (as their term is) ſecured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viſcount HARCOURT, were he living, would teſtify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth teſtify the ſame is a falſhood.

Sorry I am, that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addiſon raiſed this author from obſcurity,
" obtained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of
" the *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his

" powerful intereſts with thoſe great men to t
" riſing bard, who frequently levied by that me
" unuſual contributions on the public." Wh
ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of The Dunc
diſſected reporteth; Mr. Wycherly had beſ
" introduced him into a familiar acquaintance w
" the *greateſt Peers* and *brighteſt Wits* then living.
" No ſooner (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) was
" body lifeleſs, but this author, reviving his reſe
" ment, libelled the memory of his departed frien
" and what was ſtill more heinous, made the ſc
" dal public." Grievous the accuſation! unkno
the accuſer! the perſon accuſed no witneſs in
own cauſe; the perſon, in whoſe regard accuſ
dead! but if there be living any one nobleman wh
friendſhip, yea any one gentleman whoſe ſubſcript
Mr. Addiſon procured to our author; let him ſta
forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, am*
Socrates, ſed magis amica veritas. In verity,
whole ſtory of the libel is a lye; witneſs thoſe p
ſons of integrity, who ſeveral years before Mr. A
diſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſ
verſes, in no wiſe a libel, but a friendly rebuke ſ
privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addi
himſelf, and never made public, 'till after th
own Journals, and Curl had printed the ſame. C
name alone, which I am here authoriſed to decla
will ſufficiently evince this truth, that of the rig
honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of ſome authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiariſm, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH Gent.

" [z] Upon reading the third volume of Pope's " Miſcellanies, I found five lines which I thought " excellent: and happening to praiſe them, a gen- " tleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival " Modes) publiſhed laſt year, where were the ſame " verſes to a tittle.

" Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt pla- " giaries, that pretend to make a reputation by " ſtealing from a man's works in his own life-time, " and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the ſaid Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himſelf, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that " Theſe verſes, which he had before given him " leave to inſert in it, would be known for his, " ſome copies being got abroad. He deſires, ne- " vertheleſs, that ſince the lines had been read in " his comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. would not deprive " it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the teſtimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the ſaid verſes were originally addreſſed, of

[z] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

Hugh Bethel, Eſq; and others, who knew our author's, long before the ſaid gentlem poſed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous fect not error, will rectify their opinion by frage of ſo honourable perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, infinu leſs than his enmity both to Church and State could come from no other informer than

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

" [a] The Memoirs of a Pariſh clerk was " dull and unjuſt abuſe of a perſon who v " defence of our Religion and Conſtitutio " who has been dead many years." This alſo moſt untrue; it being known to div theſe Memoirs were written at the ſeat of t Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, before that excell ſon (biſhop Burnet's) death, and many year the appearance of that hiſtory, of which t pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true it is, th Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was himſelf t who preſt Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to a therein; and that he borrowed thoſe Mem our author, when that hiſtory came forth, tent to turn them to ſuch abuſe. But being obtain from our author but one ſingle hint, ther changing his mind, or having more mi ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſ

[a] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

moirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble perſon there is, into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the converſation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the "work of that reverend prelate, and how full he "was of a deſign he declared himſelf to have of "expoſing it." This noble Perſon is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth ſhould we crave pardon of all the foreſaid right honourable and worthy perſonages, for having mentioned them in the ſame page with ſuch weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the ſame; and that they are introduced not as witneſſes in the controverſy, but as witneſſes that cannot be controverted; not to diſpute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two claſſes, of ſuch who were acquaintance, and of ſuch who were ſtrangers to our author; the former are thoſe who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs, the moſt noble JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM ſums up his character in theſe lines:

"[b] And yet ſo wond'rous, ſo ſublime a thing,
"As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing,

[b] Verſes to Mr. P. on his tranſlation of Homer.

" Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
" A *good companion*, and as *firm a friend*;
" One *moral*, or a mere *well-natur'd deed*,
" Can all deſert in ſciences exceed."

So alſo is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" [c] Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt
" chuſe,
" What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant M
" Tho' each great ancient court thee to his ſ
" Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
" Go to the *good* and *juſt*, an awful train!
" *Thy ſoul's delight.*——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous diſpo and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this apoſtrophe:

" [d] O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with pra
" Bleſt in thy *life* and bleſt in all thy *lays*.
" Add, that the Siſters ev'ry thought refine,
" And ev'n thy *life*, be *faultleſs* as thy line.
" Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
" Obſcures the *virtue*, and defames the Mu
" A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'
" Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of manki

c Poem prefixed to his works.
d In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue:

" [e] Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the Muſe's
" train,
" Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?

Mr. MALLET,

In his Epiſtle on Verbal Criticiſm:

" Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcan'd, tranſcends his lays;
" For wit ſupreme, is but his ſecond praiſe."

Mr. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

" Now, fir'd by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,
" In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
" And trace the author thro' his moral page,
" Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong."

Mr. THOMSON,

In his elegant and philoſophical poem of the Seaſons:

" Altho' not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
" Yet is his *life* the more endearing ſong."

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

[e] Univerſal paſſion, Sat. i.

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.

" [f] Thus, nobly riſing in fair *Virtue*'s cauſe,
" From thy own *life* tranſcribe th' *unerring laws.*'

And, to cloſe all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick's:

" A Soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
" By Patriots, Prieſts, and Poets taught.
" Whoſe filial Piety excells
" Whatever Grecian ſtory tells.
" A genius for each bus'neſs fit,
" Whoſe meaneſt talent is his Wit," *&c.*

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other ſide, and ſhewing his Character drawn by thoſe with whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances he could not know, though turned againſt him: Firſt again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: " A little affected hypocrite " who has nothing in his mouth but candour, " truth, friendſhip, good-nature, humanity, and " magnanimity. He is ſo great a lover of falſhood " that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his " cotemporaries, he brands them with ſome defect " which is juſt *contrary to ſome good quality*, ſo

[f] In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.

which all their *friends and their acquaintance* commend them. He ſeems to have a particular pique to *People of Quality*, and authors of that rank.—He muſt derive his religion from St. Omer's."—ut in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings, printed by S. Popping, 1716) he ſaith, "Though he is a profeſſor of the worſt religion, yet he *laughs at it*;" but that "nevertheleſs, he is a *virulent Papiſt*; and yet a *Pillar* for the *Church of England*."

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

ems alſo to be; declaring, in Miſt's Journal of June 2, 1718. "That, if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, he made it his practice to cackle to both *parties* in their own ſentiments." But, as to his *pique* gainſt *People of Quality*, the ſame Journaliſt doth ot agree, but ſaith, (May 8, 1728.) "He had, by ſome means or other, the *acquaintance* and *friendſhip* of the *whole body of our nobility*."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beaſt, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the ſame time) of [z] Guardians and

[z] The Names of two weekly Papers.

" Examiners; an Aſſertor of liberty, and of the " diſpenſing power of Kings; a Jeſuitical profeſſor " of truth; a baſe and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we muſt conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whoſe wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a *price ſet on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beaſt* [h]. Another proteſts that he does not know *what may happen*; adviſes him to *inſure his perſon*; ſays he has *bitter enemies*, and expreſly declares it will be well if he *eſcapes with his life* [i]. One deſires he would *cut his own throat*, or *hang himſelf* [k]. But Paſquin ſeemed rather inclined it ſhould be done by the Government, repreſenting him engaged in grievous deſigns with a Lord of Parliament, then under proſecution [l]. Mr. Denni himſelf hath written to a *Miniſter*, that he is one of the moſt *dangerous perſons in this kingdom* [m]; and aſſureth the public, that he is an *open* and *mortal enemy* to his *country*; a monſter, that *will*, one day ſhew as *daring a ſoul* as a *mad Indian*, who runs

[h] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728.
[i] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16. [k] Gulliveriana, p. 332. [l] Anno 1723. [m] Anno 1729.

k to kill the firſt Chriſtian he meets [n]. Another es information of *Treaſon* diſcovered in his poem [o]. . Curl boldly ſupplies an imperfect verſe with *ugs* and *Princeſſes* [p]. And one Matthew Concanen, t more impudent, publiſhes at length the Two ſt SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of e Dunciad [q]!

This is prodigious! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange, at in the midſt of theſe invectives his greateſt Ene- ies have (I know not how) born teſtimony to me merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

cenſuring his Shakeſpear, declares, "He has ſo great an *eſteem* for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an *opi- nion* of his *genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwith- ſtanding he profeſſes a *veneration almoſt riſing to Idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do *him* juſtice, at the expence of that *other gentleman's* cha- racter [r]."

[n] Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and the laſt page of that treatiſe.

[o] Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book inti- led, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes and Ad- ertiſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies. rinted for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

[p] Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

[q] A Liſt of Perſons, &c. at the end of the forementioned ollection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.

[r] Introduction to his Shakeſpear reſtored, in quarto, p. 3.

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pi
at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, "That
"Pope would be prevailed upon to give us O
"Epiſtles by his hand, for it is certain we ſee
"original of Sappho to Phaon with much
"life and likeneſs in his verſion, than in th
"Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the
"to be wiſhed, becauſe in the Engliſh tongu
"have ſcarce any thing truly and naturally w
"upon Love [s]." He alſo, in taxing Sir Ri
Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Hc
challengeth him to anſwer what Mr. Pope hath
in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great maſter of our tongue; de
"the purity and perfection of the Engliſh lan
"to be found in his Homer; and, ſaying there
"more good verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in
"other work, excepts this of our author only [t].

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER

ſays, "[u] Pope was ſo good a verſifier [*once*] th
"predeceſſor Mr. Dryden, and his cotemp
"Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his nur
"*is* equal to any body's. And, that he *had* a

[s] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay, o
1721, p. 97, 98. [t] In his proſe Eſſay on Critici
[u] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

" merit, that a man can have that way." And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemiſhing our author's Homer, crieth out,

" But in his other works what beauties ſhine!
" While ſweeteſt Muſic dwells in ev'ry line.
" Theſe he admired, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
" And bade them live to brighten future days [w]."

So alſo one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell [x], in that poem, which is wholly a ſatire upon Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

" 'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone could ſhow
" (Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
" That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give;
" Pope more than we can offer ſhould receive:
" For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
" His lines run ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream," *&c.*

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he ſays, " The ſmooth numbers of the " Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any " other merit;" yet that ſame paper hath theſe words: " The author is allowed to be a perfect " maſter of an eaſy and elegant verſification. *In all*

[w] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

[x] Printed under the title of the Progreſs of Dulneſs, duodecimo 1728.

" *his works* we find the moſt *happy turns*, and *natural* " *ſimilies*, wonderfully ſhort and thick ſown."

The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25. it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be ſaid on this Poem, is beſtowed by our Laureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER.

who " grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than " ever was writ:" but adds, " it was a victory over " a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almoſt " cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well " triumph for having killed ſo many ſilly flies that " offended him. Could he have let them alone, by " this time, poor ſouls! they had all been buried " in oblivion [y]." Here we ſee our excellent Laureate allows the juſtice of the ſatire on every man in it, but *himſelf*; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The ſaid

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,

in the moſt furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert [z] confeſs, " That

[y] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

[z] *in concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our miſtake in this place, " As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, " I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that " I never wrote ſo much as one line in *concert* with any one " man whatſoever. And theſe two Letters from Gildon will " plainly ſhew, that we are not writers in *concert* with each " other.

'ſome men of *good underſtanding* value him for his 'rhymes." And (p. 17.) "That he has got, like 'Mr. Bays in the Rehearſal, (that is, like Mr. 'Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing 'ſmooth verſe."

Of his Eſſay on Man, numerous were the praiſes beſtowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the ſame was not written by him, as it was printed anonymouſly.

Thus ſang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auſpicious bard! while all admire thy ſtrain,
"All but the ſelfiſh, ignorant, and vain;
"I, whom no bribe to ſervile flattery drew,
"Muſt pay the tribute to thy merit due:
"Thy Muſe ſublime, ſignificant, and clear,
"Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear,"
&c. And

'Sir,

'—The height of my Ambition is to pleaſe Men of the 'beſt Judgment; and finding that I have entertained my 'Maſter agreeably, I have the extent of the Reward of my 'Labour.'

'Sir,

'I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent 'pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely ſatisfied and pleaſed 'with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement 'your admirable performance deſerves,' &c. CH. GILDON.

"Now is it not plain, that any one who ſends ſuch com-"pliments to another, has not been uſed to write in part-"nerſhip with him to whom he ſends them?" Dennis, Remarks on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himſelf.

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED thus wrote [a] to the unknown author, on the f publication of the ſaid Eſſay: "I muſt own, a "the reception which the vileſt and moſt immo "ribaldry hath lately met with, I was ſurprized "ſee what I had long deſpaired, a performa "deſerving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is y "work. It is, indeed, above all commendati "and ought to have been publiſhed in an age "country more worthy of it. If my teſtimony "of weight any where, you are ſure to have it "the ampleſt manner," *&c. &c. &c.*

Thus we ſee every one of his works hath b extolled by one or other of his moſt inveterate E mies; and to the ſucceſs of them all they do un mouſly give teſtimony. But it is ſufficient, *in omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Den ſorely lamenting it, even from the Eſſay on C ciſm to this day of the Dunciad! "A moſt no "rious inſtance (quoth he) of the depravity of ger "and taſte, the *approbation* this Eſſay meets wit "—I can ſafely affirm, that I never attacked "of theſe writings, unleſs they had *ſucceſs* infini "beyond their merit.—This, though an em "has been a *popular* ſcribbler. The epidemic m

[a] In a Letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.
[b] Dennis, Prof. to his Reflect. on the Eſſay on Critici

of the times has given him *reputation* [c].—If
the cruel treatment ſo many extraordinary
(Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnſon, Mil-
Butler, Otway, and others) have received
this country, for theſe laſt hundred years, I
ld ſhift the ſcene, and ſhew all that penury
ged at once to riot and profuſeneſs; and more
ndered away upon *one object*, than would have
ied the greater part of thoſe extraordinary
; the reader to whom this one creature ſhould
unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art
nature, would believe that all the great qua-
of theſe perſons were centered in him alone.
if I ſhould venture to aſſure him, that the
PLE OF ENGLAND had made ſuch a choice—
reader would either believe me a *malicious*
y, and *ſlanderer*; or that the reign of the
Queen Anne's) *Miniſtry* was deſigned by fate
ıcourage *Fools* [d]."

it happens, that this our Poet never had any
Penſion, or Gratuity, in any ſhape, from the
orious Queen, or any of her Miniſters. All
ed, in the whole courſe of his life, to any
was a ſubſcription, for his Homer, of 200 *l.*
King George I, and 100 *l.* from the prince
inceſs.

face to his Remarks on Homer.
m. on Homer, p. 8, 9.

However, leſt we imagine our Author's Suc
was conſtant and univerſal, they acquaint us of
tain works in a leſs degree of repute, wher
although owned by others, yet do they aſſure u
is the writer. Of this ſort Mr. DENNIS [e] aſcribe
him *two Farces*, whoſe names he does not tell,
aſſures us that *there is not one jeſt in them*: And an
tation of Horace, whoſe title he does not mention,
aſſures us *it is much more execrable than all his wor*
The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. aſſures
"He is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, bec
"(as that writer thinks) the Marriage Hater matc
"and the Boarding School are better than the W
"d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. G
M. GILDON aſſures us, in his New Rehearſal, p
"That he was writing a *play* of the Lady
"Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. R
We are aſſured by another, "He wrote a pam
"called Dr. Andrew Tripe [g];" which proved
one Dr. Wagſtaff's. Mr. THEOBALD aſſures u
Miſt of the 27th of April, "That the treatiſe o
"*Profound* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope
"author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana
another opinion; and ſays, "the whole, or gr
"part, of the merit of this treatiſe muſt anc
"only be aſcribed to Gulliver [h]." [Here, g

[e] Ibid. p. 8. [f] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
[g] Ibid. p. 6. [h] Gulliv. p. 336.

ler! cannot I but ſmile at the ſtrange blindneſs
poſitiveneſs of men; knowing the ſaid treatiſe
appertain to none other but to me, Martinus
blerus.]

Ve are aſſured, in Miſt of June 8, "That his
wn *Plays* and *Farces* would better have adorned
he Dunciad, than thoſe of Mr. Theobald; for
e had neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy."
ich whether true or not, it is not eaſy to judge;
s much as he had attempted neither. Unleſs we
take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his
ıg once very angry at hearing a friend's Play
ſed, was an infallible proof the Play was his own;
ſaid Mr. Cibber thinking it impoſſible for a man
e much concerned for any but himſelf: "Now
et any man judge (ſaith he) by this concern, who
vas the true mother of the child [i]?

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning
ler will collect, that it little availed our author
ıave any Candour, ſince, when he declared he
not write for others, it was not credited; as little
ıave any Modeſty, ſince, when he declined writ-
in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others
imputed to him. If he ſingly enterpriſed one
at work, he was taxed of Boldneſs and Mad-
s to a Prodigy [k]: If he took aſſiſtants in another,

Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

[k] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his tranſlation of the Iliad.

it was complained of, and repreſented as a grea
jury to the public[1]. The loftieſt heroics, the lo
ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſa
on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and autl
ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and
accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of
hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo
which hath not at one or other ſeaſon been to
aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then
he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon
author to be yet better concealed: If it reſem
any of his ſtyles, then was it evident; if it
not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe.
even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles,
politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inhe
Surely a moſt rare and ſingular character! Of w
let the reader make what he can.

Doubtleſs moſt Commentators would hence
occaſion to turn all to their Author's advantage,
from the teſtimony of his very Enemies w
affirm. That his Capacity was boundleſs, as w
his Imagination; that he was a perfect maſt
all Styles; and all Arguments; and that there
in thoſe times no other Writer, in any kind, o
degree of excellence, ſave he himſelf. But as t

[1] The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaki
Odyſſey.

r own ſentiment, we ſhall determine on no-
but leave thee, gentle reader, to ſteer thy
ent equally between various opinions, and to
whether thou wilt incline to the Teſtimonies
thors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of
who knew him, or of thoſe who knew him

P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

of the POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulneſs; ſo is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the *Form*, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the *Meaſure*, to heroic poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, witneſs what is reported of it by the learned archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſ. x. And accordingly Ariſtotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did this poem to Comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem, that the Hero, or chief perſonage of it was no leſs *obſcure*, and his underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint

and ſtrange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this perſonage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the firſt*; and ſurely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and abſolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear, that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt Epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, foraſmuch as our poet hath tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt: and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and oil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp

dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, o ckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cu uich moved our poet to this particular work. I ed in thoſe days, when (after Providence had p ioted the invention of Printing as a ſcourge for t ns of the learned) Paper alſo became ſo cheap, a rinters ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors c ered the land: Whereby not only the Peace of t honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, b unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, y of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn t one, nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time, t licence of the Preſs was ſuch, that it grew danger to refuſe them either: for they would forthw publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being ano mous, and ſkulking under the wings of publiſh a ſet of men who never ſcrupled to vend ei Calumny or Blaſphemy, as long as the Town w call for it.

[a] Now our author, living in thoſe times, did ceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt S to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, t *way that was left*. In that public-ſpirited v laid the plan of this poem, as the greateſt he was capable (without much hurt, or bein

[a] Vide Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch Authors, namely *Dulneſs* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory* [b] (as the conſtruction of Epic poeſy requireth) and feigns that one of theſe Goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works. [c] He proceedeth to ſhew the *qualities* they beſtow on theſe authors, and the *effects* they produce [d]: then the *materials*, or *ſtock*, with which they furniſh them [e]; and (above all) that *ſelf-opinion* [f] which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in ſad and ſorry merchandiſe. The great power of theſe Goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Induſtry, ſo is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome *one*, *great* and *remarkable Action* [g]; and none could be more ſo than that which our poet hath choſen; *viz.* the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her imperial ſeat from the City to the po-

[b] Boſſu, chap. vii. [c] Book I. ver. 32, &c.
[d] Ver. 45 to 54. [e] Ver. 57 to 77. [f] Ver. 80.
[g] Ibid. chap. xii, viii.

lite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the reſtoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſinging only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *ſingle Action* the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children.

A *Perſon* muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this Action. This *Phantom* in the Poet's mind muſt have a *Name* [h]: He finds it to be ———; and he becomes of courſe the Hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contained in the Propoſition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, ſetting forth the whole Power, Miniſtry, and Empire of Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Epiſodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book, demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Epiſodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games

[h] Boſſu, chap. viii. Vide Ariſtot. Poetic. cap. ix.

relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers: The firſt concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the ſecond the libelous Novelliſt, whom he ſtileth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noiſy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt: aſſigning to each ſome *proper name* or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn: The manners are ſo depicted, and the ſentiments ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other or wiſer perſonages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of "*poor wretches*, ſo many *ſilly flies*[1]: but adds, our "Author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, "whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon "any other Perſon whatever."

The *Deſcriptions* are ſingular, the *Compariſons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chaſtity of *Diction* is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been cenſured, and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by

[1] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. pag. 9, 12, 41.

ancient and claſſical Authority (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby ſubjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Ancients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular alluſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminiſhing the Imagination: which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poeſy: Though ſince he hath

d it to *ſixty*, the year in which he publiſhed his
[*], True it is, that the talents for Criticiſm,
y ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark,
aty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity,
rather the gifts of Youth than of riper Age:
is far otherwiſe in *Poetry*; witneſs the works
r. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with
iſm, became afterwards ſuch Poets as no age
paralleled. With good reaſon therefore did our
r chuſe to write his Eſſay on that ſubject at
y, and reſerve for his maturer years this great
onderful work of the Dunciad.

[*] See his Eſſays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHU

OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the Nature of *Dunciad* in general, when derived, and on what authority founded, well as of the art and conduct of this our poe in particular, the learned and laborious Scribler hath, according to his manner, and with tolerab ſhare of judgment, diſſertated. But when he come to ſpeak of the *Perſon* of the *Hero* fitted for ſu poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinat For, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu, a Gallic criti he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Her only raiſed up to ſupport the Fable. A putid co ceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Unde takers, who firſt build their houſe, and then ſeek o for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a War a Wandering, before they once thought either Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet good brother and the world alſo right in this pa

ular, by aſſuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and conſequently that the Poet's firſt thought muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illuſtrious. This is the primum mobile of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *Hero*, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muſe ceaſeth not here her Eagle-flight. For ſometimes, ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe *Suns* of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *Gooſe* and *Serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muſe in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of Wiſdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: *Si Dii non iraſcuntur impiis et injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In rebus enim diverſis, aut in utramque partem moveri neceſſe eſt, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odiſſe ex bonorum caritate deſcendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If "the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither

" are they delighted with the good and juſt.
" contrary objects muſt either excite contrary af
" tions, or no affections at all. So that he
" loveth good men, muſt at the ſame time hate
" bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot l
" the good; becauſe to love good men proceed
" from an averſion to evil, and to hate evil
" from a tenderneſs to the good." From this d
cacy of the Muſe aroſe the *little Epic*, (more li
and choleric than her eldeſt ſiſter, whoſe bulk
complexion incline her to the phlegmatic) and for
ſome notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was fou
out, to make thereof an example. An early inſta
of which (nor could it eſcape the accurate Scribler
the Father of Epic poem himſelf affordeth
From him the practice deſcended to the Gr
Dramatic-poets, his offspring: who in the comp
tion of their *Tetralogy*, or ſet of four pieces, w
wont to make the laſt a *Satiric Tragedy*. Hap
one of theſe ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well t
it) is come down unto us amongſt the Tragedie
the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader
poſe may be the ſubject thereof? Why in truth,
it is worthy obſervation, the unequal Conteſt of
old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the hero
directed *Favourite of Minerva*; who, after hav
quietly born all the monſter's obſcene and imp
ribaldry, endeth the farce in puniſhing him with

mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excuſed, if for the future we conſider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*, in which the laſt worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the *ſatiric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* ſhould be an *honeſt Man*; or, as the French critics expreſs it, *un honnête homme*[a]: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the Hero of the *little Epic* ſhould be juſt the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad we may obſerve how much juſter the *Moral* of that Poem muſt needs be, where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) every Fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome Analogy, if not Reſemblance of Qualities between the Heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the *Parody*, one of the livelieſt graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the conſtituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are *Wiſdom*, *Bravery*, and *Love*, from whence ſpringeth *heroic Virtue*; it followeth, that thoſe of the leſſer Epic Hero, ſhould

[a] Si un Heros Poëtique doit être un honnête homme, Boſſu, du Poême Epique, lib. v. ch. 5.

be *Vanity*, *Aſſurance* and *Debauchery*, from v
happy aſſemblage reſulteth *Heroic Dulneſs*, the r
dying ſubject of this our Poem.

This being confeſſed, come we now to partic
It is the character of true *Wiſdom*, to ſeek its
ſupport and confidence within itſelf; and to
that ſupport in the reſources which proceed fi
conſcious rectitude of Will. And are the advar
of *Vanity*, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard,
ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? Nay, are they
in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far be
it? "Let the world (will ſuch an one ſay) in
"to me what folly or weakneſs they pleaſe
"till *Wiſdom* can give me ſomething that will
"me more heartily happy, I am content to be c
"AT [b]." This, we ſee, is *Vanity* according to t
roic gage or meaſure; not that low and ignoble ſp
which pretendeth to *Virtues* we *have not*, bu
laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying
thoſe *Vices*, which every body knows *we*
"The world may aſk (ſays he) why I mak
"follies public? Why not? I have paſſed m
"very pleaſantly with them [c]." In ſhort, there
ſort of Vanity ſuch a Hero would ſcruple, but
which might go near to degrade him from his
ſtation in this our Dunciad; namely, "whet
"would not be *Vanity* in him, to take ſhame to
"ſelf for *not being a wiſe man* [d]?"

[b] *Ded.* to the Life of C. C. [c] Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

ravery, the ſecond attribute of the true Hero, is
:age manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while its
:ſpondent Virtue in the mock Hero, is, that
: Courage all collected into the *Face*. And as
er when drawn together, muſt needs have more
: and ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally
this kind of courage in ſo high and heroic a
ee, that it inſults not only Men, but Gods.
entius is without doubt the braveſt character in
he Æneis: But how? His bravery, we know,
an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we
leſs of this brave man's, who having told us
he placed "his *Summum bonum* in thoſe follies,
hich he was not content barely to poſſeſs but
ould likewiſe glory in," adds, "*If I am miſ-
ided*, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, *and I follow* HER[e]."
can we be miſtaken in making this happy quality
cies of *Courage*, when we conſider thoſe illuſtri-
narks of it, which made his FACE "more known
s he juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in the kingdom,"
his *Language* to conſiſt of what we muſt allow to
ıe moſt *daring* Figure of Speech, that which is
ı from the *Name of God*.
ntle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's
poſition, is a meer bird of paſſage, or (as Shake-
r calls it) *ſummer-teeming Luſt*, and evaporates in
ıeat of *Youth*; doubtleſs by that refinement it

[e] Life, p. 23. octavo.

ffers in paſſing through thoſe *certain ſtrainers* which
ır Poet ſomewhere ſpeaketh of. But when it is let
one to work upon the *Lees*, it acquireth ſtrength by
old age; and becometh a laſting ornament to the
ittle Epic. It is true indeed, there is one objection
to its fitneſs for ſuch an uſe: For not only the Igno-
rant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be ſo,
even by Him who beſt knoweth its value. "Don't
"you think (argueth he) to ſay only *a man has*
"*his Whore*[f], ought to go for little or nothing?
"Becauſe *defendit numerus*; take the firſt ten thou-
"ſand men you meet, and, I believe, you would
"be no loſer if you betted ten to one, that ever
"ſingle ſinner of them, one with another, had bee
"guilty of the ſame frailty[g]." But here he ſeeme
not to have done juſtice to himſelf: The man
ſure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at fourſc
How doth his Modeſty herein leſſen the merit
whole well-ſpent Life: not taking to himſelf
commendation (which *Horace* accounted the gre
in a theatrical character) of continuing to the
dregs, the ſame he was from the beginning,

——— Servetur ad IMUM
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat.———

f Alluding to theſe lines in the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbu
"And has not Colly *ſtill* his Lord and Whore
"His Butchers Henly, his Free Maſons Moo
g Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

here, in juſtice both to the Poet and the Hero, farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, th ſhe was *his own*, and not his *neighbour*'s. a commendable Continence! and ſuch as himſelf muſt have applauded. For how much enial was neceſſary not to covet his Neigh- whore? and what diſorders muſt the coveting ave occaſioned in that Society, where (accord- this Political Calculator) *nine* in *ten* of all ave their *concubines*?

have now, as briefly as we could deviſe, gone gh the three conſtituent Qualities of either

But it is not in any, or in all of theſe, that ſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively ies againſt one another. Thus, as from Wiſ- Bravery, and Love, ariſeth *Magnanimity*, the of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater ſo from Vanity, Aſſurance, and Debauchery, eth *Buffoonry*, the ſource of *Ridicule*, that ghing ornament," as he well termeth it [h], of tle Epic.

is not aſhamed (God forbid he ever ſhould be ed!) of this Character; who deemeth, that *eaſon* but *Riſibility* diſtinguiſheth the human s from the brutal. "As Nature (ſaith this pro- nd Philoſopher) diſtinguiſhed our ſpecies from

[h] Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

" the mute creation by our Riſibility, her deſign " MUST have been by *that faculty* as evidently to raiſe " our HAPPINESS, as by our *os ſublime* (OUR ERECTED " FACES) to lift the dignity of our FORM above " them [i]." All this conſidered, how complete a Hero muſt he be, as well as how happy a Man, whoſe Riſibility lieth not barely in his *muſcles*, as in the common ſort, but (as himſelf informeth us) in his very *ſpirits*; and whoſe *Os ſublime* is not ſimply an *erect face*, but a brazen head, as ſhould ſeem by his preferring it to one of Iron, ſaid to belong to the late king of Sweden [k]?

But whatever perſonal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas ſhew us, that all thoſe are of ſmall avail, without the conſtant *aſſiſtance of the* GODS: for the ſubverſion and erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal proweſs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an atchievement muſt require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT: who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*, muſt firſt be drawn off and engaged in another Intereſt, before the total ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To ſurmount, therefore, this laſt

[i] *Life*, p. 23, 24. [k] Letter, p. 8.

greateſt difficulty, we have, in this excellent
, a profeſſed Favourite and Intimado of the
it. And look, of what force ancient Piety was
aw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that,
much ſtronger is modern Incenſe, to engage the
it in the party of Dulneſs.

hus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out
noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient
er will be apt to ſay, if ſo many and various
es go to the making up a Hero, what mortal
ſuffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read,
ſeeth not, in every trace of this picture, that
:idual, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom
: rare virtues and lucky circumſtances have agreed
ieet and concentre with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and
ſt harmony.

'he good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itſelf,
ht be impoſed on in the late ſpurious editions,
can't tell what *Sham-Hero*, or *Phantom*: But it
not ſo eaſy to impoſe on HIM whom this egregious
r moſt of all concerned. For no ſooner had the
th book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene,
he recognized his own heroic Acts: And when
ame to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines,

ugh *Laureat* imply no more than *one crowned* with
l, as befitteth any Aſſociate or Conſort in

Empire) he loudly reſented this indignity to vic Majeſty. Indeed not without cauſe, he being repreſented as *faſt aſleep*; ſo miſbeſeeming the e empire, which, like that of Providence, ſhould doze nor ſlumber. "Hah! (ſaith he) faſt a "it ſeems! that's a little too ſtrong. Pert an "at leaſt you might have allowed me, but a "dom aſleep as any fool [l]." However, the in Hero may comfort himſelf with this reflexion, tho' it be a *ſleep*, yet it is not the *ſleep of death* of *immortality*. Here he will [m] *live* at leaſt, not *awake*; and in no worſe condition than an enchanted Warrior before him. The fa *Durandarte*, for inſtance, was, like him, caſt i long ſlumber by *Merlin* the *Britiſh Bard* and N mancer: and his example for ſubmitting to it v good grace, might be of uſe to our Hero. Fo diſaſtrous knight being ſorely preſſed or driv make his anſwer by ſeveral *perſons of quality*, replied with a ſigh, *Patience, and ſhuffle the cards*

But now, as nothing in this world, no nc moſt ſacred and perfect things either of Religi Government, can eſcape the ſting of Envy, met I already hear theſe carpers objecting to the neſs of our Hero's title.

[l] Letter, p. 53. [m] Letter, p. 1. [n] Don Quixote, F Book ii. ch. 22.

It would never (ſay they) have been eſteemed ſufficient to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raiſe another, had they not been Goddeſs-born and Princes bred. What then did this Author mean, by erecting a Player inſtead of one of his Patrons, (a perſon "never a hero even on the ſtage [o]") to this dignity of Collegue in the empire of Dulneſs, and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to paſs.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient anſwer from the Roman hiſtorian, *Fabrum eſſe ſuæ quemque fortunæ: That every man is the* Smith *of his own fortune.* The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe himſelf a Hero* to be one of the worthieſt. "Let him (ſaith he) but fancy "himſelf capable of the higheſt things, and he "will of courſe be able to atchieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our Hero's proweſs; as nothing ever equalled the greatneſs of his conceptions. Hear how he conſtantly paragons himſelf: at one time to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the exceſs and delicacy of his Ambition [p]; to HENRY the IVth of FRANCE, for honeſt Policy [q]; to the firſt

[o] See Life, p. 148. [p] Life, p. 149. [q] P. 424.

BRUTUS, for love of Liberty [r]; and to Sir ROBER WALPOLE, for good Government while in power [s] At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for h diverſions and amuſements [t]; to HORACE, Mo TAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elega Vanity that maketh them for ever read and a mired [u]; to two Lord CHANCELLORS, for La from whom, when confederate againſt him at t bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence [w]; an to ſay all in a word, to the right reverend the Lo BISHOP of LONDON himſelf, in the art of writi *paſtoral Letters* [x].

Nor did his *Actions* fall ſhort of the ſublimity his Conceit. In his earthly youth he *met the Revol tion* [y] face to face in Nottingham, at a time wh his betters contented themſelves with *following* h It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-ar* of whom he hath made ſo honourable mention one of his immortal Odes. But he ſhone in Cc as well as in Camps: He was *called up* wher *nation fell in labour* of this *Revolution* [z]; and a goſſip at her chriſtening, with the Biſhop an ladies [a].

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no re either to Heathen God or Goddeſs; but, wha good, he was deſcended from a *Maker* of

[r] Life, P. 366. [s] P. 457. [t] P. 18. [u] P. 425. [w] 437. [x] P. 52. [y] P. 47. [z] P. 57. [a] P. 58, 59

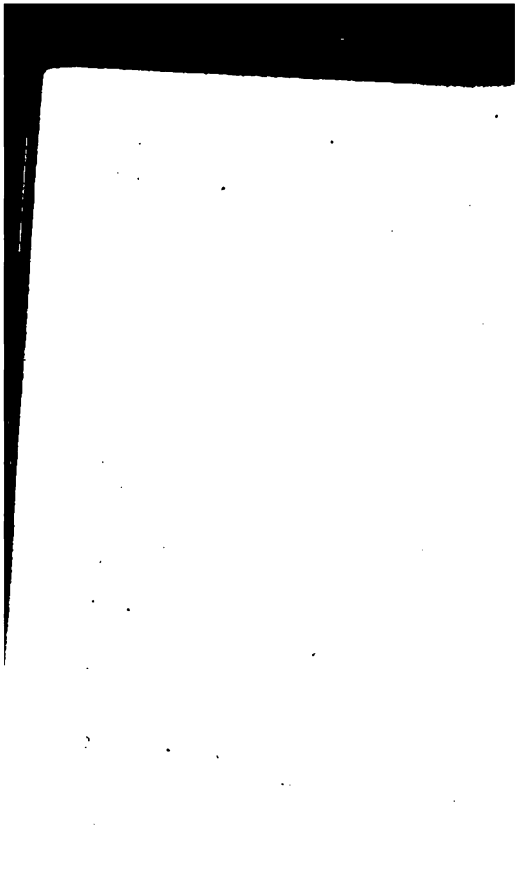
A Statuary.

at he did not paſs himſelf on the world for
, as well by birth as education, was his own
For, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an
ote, and is ſenſible he had it in his power *to be no body's ſon at all*[c]: And what is that but
into the world a Hero?
be it (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poeſy ſo
ng) that a Hero of more than mortal birth
eeds be had, even for this we have a remedy.
n eaſily derive our Hero's Pedigree from a
ſs of no ſmall power and authority amongſt
and legitimate and inſtall him after the right
l and authentic faſhion: For, like as the
: Sages found a Son of Mars in a mighty
:; a Son of Neptune in a ſkilful Seaman;
of Phœbus in a harmonious Poet; ſo have we
f need be, a Son of FORTUNE in an artful
er. And who fitter than the Offspring of
, to aſſiſt in reſtoring the Empire of *Night* and
?

re is in truth another objection of greater
, namely, "That this Hero ſtill exiſteth, and
n not yet finiſhed his earthly courſe. For if
on ſaid well,

——— ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet;

[c] Life, p. 6.



By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, We have revised this Piece; where finding the Style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

GOD save the KING.

C. Ch.

THE

DUNCIAD:

TO

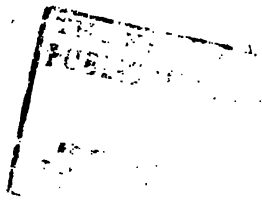
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulneſs *and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the* Goddeſs *in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem* haſtes into the midſt of things, *preſenting her, on the*

evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her Sons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays *to be the Inſtrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his Books, giving up the Cauſe, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himſelf to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raiſes an Altar of proper books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs, beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out by caſting upon it the poem of* Thulé. *She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Myſteries; then announcing the death of* Euſden *the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Succeſſor.*



Her ample Presence fills up all th
A Veil of Fogs dilates her awful
Dun

BOOK I.

THE Mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *The mighty Mother*, &c. in the firſt Edit. it was thus,

Books and the Man I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the Ear of Kings.
Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wond'rous works (ſo Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still ———

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wondrous works.
–Dii cœptis (nam vos mutaſtis & illas.) Ovid. Met. i.

REMARKS.

THE DUNCIAD] It is an incovenience, to which Writers reputation are ſubject, that the Juſtice of their reſentment not always rightly underſtood. For the calumnies of dull thors being ſoon forgotten, and thoſe whom they aimed to ure, not caring to recall to memory the particulars of falſe ſcandalous abuſe, their neceſſary correction is ſuſpected everity unprovoked. But, in this caſe, it would be but dld to eſtimate the chaſtiſement on the general Character the offender, compared with that of the Perſon injured. this ſerve with the candid Reader, in juſtification of the ; and, on occaſion, of the *Editor*.

The DUNCIAD, ſic MS. It may be well diſputed whether be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be ſpelled *nciad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and nctual Man of Letters, the Reſtorer of *Shakeſpear*, con-

I ſing. Say you, her Inſtruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:

REMARKS.

ſtantly obſerves the preſervation of this very Letter *e*, ſpelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like t common careleſs Editors, with the omiſſion of one, ſometimes of two *ee*'s, (as *Shakſpear*) which is utterly u pardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* ſo trivi "as to ſome it may appear; the alteration whereof in "learned language is an Atchievement that brings honou "to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will "remembered to poſterity for his performances of this ſor "as long as the world ſhall have any eſteem for the r "mains of Menander and Philemon." THEOBALD

This is ſurely a ſlip in the learned author of the foregoi note; there having been ſince produced by an accurate Ant quary, an *Autograph* of *Shakſpeare* himſelf, whereby it appea that he ſpelled his own name without the firſt *e*. And upo this authority it was, that thoſe moſt Critical Curators of h Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey eraſed the former wron reading, and reſtored the true ſpelling on a new piece of o Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deſerve o thanks, but for exhibiting on the ſame Monument the fir Specimen of an *Edition* of an author in *Marble*; where (a may be ſeen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in th ſpace of five lines, two Words, and a whole Verſe are change and it is to be hoped will there ſtand, and outlaſt whatev hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future our learne Siſter Univerſity (the other Eye of England) is taking ca to perpetuate a *Total new Shakeſpear*, at the Clarendon preſ BENTL

It is to be noted, that this great Critic alſo has omitted on circumſtance; which is, that the Inſcription with the Nam of Shakſpeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scro to which he points with his hand; inſtead of which it i how placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Editio is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakſpeare hath grea reaſon to point at. ANO

r whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt,
unce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt;

REMARKS.

gh I have as juſt a value for the letter *E*, as any arian living, and the ſame affection for the Name of m as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot e me to agree with thoſe who add yet another *e* to call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and formination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engd vernacular. One *e* therefore in this caſe is right, *e*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the ript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto ority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not ſuperior on.) In which method of proceeding, I can never praiſe my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; any word occur, which to him and all mankind is y wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reveand remarks in the Margin *ſic MS.* In like manner not amend this error in the Title itſelf, but only *biter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBL.

Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next imperfect Edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reat London in twelves; another at Dublin, and an: London in Octavo; and three others in twelves the ar. But there was a perfect Edition before that of in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We ing to acquaint Poſterity, that this Poem was pre:o King George the ſecond and his Queen by the hands lobert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728—9.

SCHOL. VET.

IMITATIONS.

. 6. Alluding to a verſe of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac (as is ſaid ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, p. in his verſes to Mr. Congreve,

And Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.

Say, how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

It was expreſly confeſſed in the Preface to the firſt edition, that this Poem was not publiſhed by the Author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this Piece was preſented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the Man

——who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *Apoſtrophe* to the *Great* in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an Author in faſhion, or careſſed by the Great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Choſen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his works at the *earneſt Deſire of Perſons of Quality*.

Laſtly, The ſixth verſe affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a Son ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him

Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt. BENT.

VER. 1. *The Mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.*] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent of this Poem: The latter of them is only choſen as her Collegue (as was anciently the cuſtom in Rome before ſome great Expedition) the main action of the

leſt time, e'er mortals writ or read,
las iſſu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10

REMARKS.

ing by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, performed in the very firſt book, but the Reſtora- e Empire of Dulneſs in Britain, which is not ac- d till the laſt.

ber Son who brings, &c.] Wonderful is the ſtupidity e former Critics and Commentators on this work! forth at the very firſt line. The author of the prefixed to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been ſo explain *the Man who brings, &c.* not of the hero of , but of our Poet himſelf, as if he vaunted that e to be his readers; an honour, which though this th had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with leſty.

mit this Ignorant to the firſt lines of the *Æneid*, im that *Virgil* there ſpeaketh not of himſelf, but :

a virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
am, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
ora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

whole three verſes, that I may by the way offer a *Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: Firſt, d be read *aris*, it being, as we ſee *Æn.* ii. 513. from of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as ſoon as he ſaw n. In the ſecond line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, s moſt clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is ſurely as impro- lied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to ſay a man is *toſt* s much at one with ſaying *he walks at ſea: Riſum micis?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be,

SCRIBL.

t. *The Smithfield Muſes*] *Smithfield* is the place where new Fair was kept, whoſe ſhews, machines, and al entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and

Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night,
Fate in their dotage this fair Idcot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

REMARKS.

others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleaſures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

VER. 4. *By Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:*] i. e. by their *Judgments*, their *Intereſts*, and their *Inclinations*.

VER. 7. *Say how the Goddeſs, &c.*] The Poet ventureth to ſing the *Action* of the Goddeſs: but the *Paſſion* ſhe impreſſeth on her illuſtrious Votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themſelves. SCRIBL.

VER. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of the whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper buſineſs, as a Scholiaſt, to meddle with it: But leave it (as we ſhall in general all ſuch) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Heſiod*'s Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. SCRIBL.

VER. 15. *Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertiſe the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulneſs here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged ſenſe of the word, for all Slowneſs of Apprehenſion, Shortneſs of Sight, or imperfect Senſe of things. It includes (as we ſee by the Poet's own words) Labour, Induſtry, and ſome degrees of Activity and Boldneſs: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topſy turvy the Underſtanding, and inducing a Anarchy or confuſed State of Mind. This remark ought t be carried along with the reader throughout the work; an without this caution he will be apt to miſtake the importan of many of the Characters, as well as of the Deſign of

ll her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.
Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
her thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
ugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,

VARIATIONS.

er VER. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown inſtruct mankind,
Or ſilent let thy morals tell thy mind.

is was to be underſtood, as the Poet ſays, *ironicè*, like 3d Verſe.

REMARKS.

Hence it is, that ſome have complained he chuſes top a ſubject, and imagined he employs himſelf, like Do-, in killing flies; whereas thoſe who have the true ill find he ſports with nobler quarry, and embraces a compaſs; or, (as one ſaith, on a like occaſion)

Will ſee his Work, like Jacob's ladder, riſe,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the ſkies. BENTL.

R. 16. *She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.*] *The na-narchy of the mind* is that ſtate which precedes the time aſon's aſſuming the rule of the Paſſions. But in that the uncontrolled violence of the Paſſions would ſoon things to confuſion, were it not for the intervention of NESS in this abſence of Reaſon; who, though ſhe can-egulate them like Reaſon, yet blunts and deadens their ur, and, indeed, produces ſome of the good effects of it: e it is that *Dulneſs* has often the appearance of Reaſon. is the only good ſhe ever did; and the candid Poet is ul to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is e obſerved indeed, that this is ſpoken of the univerſal of Dulneſs in ancient days, but we may form an idea of m her partial Government in latter times.

ER. 17. *Still her old Empire to reſtore*] This Reſtoration es the Completion of the Poem. *Vide* Book iv.

Or praiſe the Court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. *Cloſe to the walls, &c.*] In the former Edit. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs;
Here in one bed two ſhiv'ring Sifters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tattering enſigns of Rag-fair,*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower of London*, where old cloaths and frippery are ſold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;—*
Here in one Bed two ſhiv'ring Sifters *lie,*
The Cave of Poverty *and* Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critic on the *Dunciad*. "Theſe lines (ſaith he) have no conſtruction, or are nonſenſe. "The two ſhivering Sifters muſt be the ſiſter-caves of Po- "verty and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry "muſt be the ſame [*queſtionleſs, if they lie in one bed*] and the "two Sifters the Lord knows who." O the conſtruction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus: *Æn.* i.

Fronte ſub adverſa ſcopulis pendentibus antrum;
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo;
Nympharum domus.——

May we not ſay in like manner. "The Nymphs muſt be the "waters and the ſtones, or the waters and the ſtones muſt

ıere o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
:at Cibber's brazen brainleſs brothers ſtand;

VARIATIONS.

e the houſes of the Nymphs?" *Infulſe!* The ſecond line *Intus s, &c.* is a parentheſis (as are two lines of our Author. *n hollow winds, &c.)* and it is the *Antrum*, and the *yawn-Ruin*, in the line before that parentheſis, which are the *ius* and the *Cave*.

,et me again, I beſeech thee, Reader, preſent thee with ther *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's ſcopulis pendentibus:* is here deſcribing a place, whither the weary Mariners Æneas repaired to dreſs their dinner.—*Feſſi—frugeſque reas & torrere parant flammis:* What has *ſcopulis pendentibus* e to do? Indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *ſedilia* are ſomething; *et waters* to drink, and *ſeats* to reſt on: the other is ſurely error of the Copyiſts. Reſtore it without the leaſt ſcruple, *ulis prandentibus*.

3ut for this and a thouſand more, expect our *Virgil re-d.* SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

VER. 20.—*Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!*] The ſeveral nes and characters he aſſumed in his ludicrous, his ſplene- or his Party-writings; which take in all his works.

VER. 22.—*laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair.*] The ıgery is exquiſite; and the equivoque in the laſt words, es a peculiar elegance to the whole expreſſion. The *eaſy ir* ſuits his age: *Rab'lais' eaſy chair* marks his character: l he fills and poſſeſſes it as the heir and ſucceſſor of that ginal genius.

VER. 23. *Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] *Ironice,* ıding to *Gulliver's* repreſentations of both.—The next line ıtes to the papers of the *Drapier* againſt the currency of *od's* Copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great diſcon- t of the people, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to recal.

VER. 26. *Mourn not, my* Swift! *at ought our realm acquires.*] *rice iterum.* The Politics of *England* and *Ireland* were at

One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

REMARKS.

this time by ſome thought to be oppoſite, or interfering with each other: Dr. *Swift* of courſe was in the intereſt of the latter, our Author of the former.

VER. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets ſtyled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn: but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is Lead. She is here ſaid only to be ſpreading her wings to hatch this Age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand,*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam hoſpital were done by him, and (as the ſon juſtly ſays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artiſt.

VER. 33. *One cell there is.*] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly repreſented as a little *unindowed Hall* in the neighbourhood of the Magnific *College* of Bedlam; and as the ſureſt Seminary to ſupply thoſe learned Walls with profeſſors. For there cannot be a plainer Symptom of Madneſs than for Men to chuſe Poverty and Contempt; to ſtarve themſelves and offend the public by ſcribling,

Eſcape in Monſters, and amaze the Town.

when they might have benefited themſelves and others in profitable and honeſt employments. The *Qualities* and *Productions* of the ſtudents of this private Academy are afterward deſcribed in this firſt book; as are alſo their *Actions* throughout the ſecond; by which it appears, how near allied Dulness is to Madneſs. This naturally prepares us for the ſubject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the Cataſtrope of the fourth: mad poetical Sibyl leading our Hero through the Regions of Viſion, to animate him in the preſent undertaking by the proſpect of the paſt triumphs of Barbariſm over Science.

ow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs, 35
Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs.
ds like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Monſters, and amaze the town.

REMARKS.

Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark eatly endear our Author to every one, who ſhall obſerve that Humanity and Candor, which every irs in him towards thoſe unhappy objects of the ill mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes us rhymes, ſcurrilous weekly papers, baſe flat-ched elegies, ſongs, and verſes (even from thoſe rt to ballads in the ſtreets) not ſo much to ma-lity as to Dulneſs; and not ſo much to Dulneſs ſſity. And thus, at the very commencement of makes an apology for all that are to be ſatirized.

. *Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,*
Eſcape in Monſters, and amaze the town.]

ven us a very orderly account of theſe eſcapes, quibus in plures jus eſt tranſire figuras:
, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu;
violentus aper; nunc, quem tetigiſſe timerent,
s eras; modo te faciebant cornua Taurum:
apis poteras. MET. viii.

æphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any t into the mythology of this myſterious fable. If ceived in a part of learning which has ſo long ex-ben, by *Proteus* muſt certainly be meant a hacknied ler; and by his Transformations, the various :h a one aſſumes, to elude the purſuit of his ir-e enemy, the Bailiff. And in this light, doubt-underſtood the Fable, where, ſpeaking of *Proteus*,

rapies in jus *malis ridentem alienis*,
ber, &c.

repreſented as one bred of the mud and ſlime of original ſoil of Arts and Letters: And what is a

Hence Miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt;
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 41. in the former lines,

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,
Hence the ſoft ſing-ſong on Cecilia's Day.

VER. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs compoſed to Muſic on St. Cecilia's Feaſt.

REMARKS.

Town-ſcribler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science? By the change then into a *Boar* is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer*; the *Snake* ſignifies a *Libeller*; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemma*'s of a *Polemical Anſwerer*. Theſe are the three great parts he aſſumes; and when he has completed his circle, he ſinks back again, as the laſt change into a *Stone* denotes, into his natural ſtate of immoveable Stupidity. Hence it is, that the Poet, where ſpeaking at large of all theſe various Metamorphoſes in the ſecond Book, deſcribes *Mother Oſborne*, the great Antetype of our Proteus, in ver. 312. after all her changes, as at laſt quite *ſtupified to Stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this diſcovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent Critic of his ſhare, who diſcovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was deſigned *Sophiſtam, Magum, Politicum, præſertim rebus omnibus ſeſe accommodantem*. Which in Engliſh is, *A political Writer, a Libeller, and a Diſputer, writing indifferently for or againſt every party in the State, every ſect in Religion, and every character in private life*. See my *Fables of Ovid explained*. ABBE BANIER.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.*]

---------Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.
Virg. *Æ*

ılchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
New-year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race.

REMARKS.

ER. 40. *Curl's chaſte preſs and Lintot's rubric Poſt:*] Two ſellers, of whom ſee Book ii. The former was fined ıe Court of King's Bench for publiſhing obſcene Books; atter uſually adorned his ſhop with titles in red letters.

ER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ınt Engliſh cuſtom for the Malefactors to ſing a Pſalm at execution at Tyburn; and no leſs cuſtomary to print es on their deaths, at the ſame time, or before.

ER. 42. MAGAZINES:] The common Name of thoſe ırt collections in proſe and verſe; where Dulneſs aſſumes he various ſhapes of folly to draw in and cajole the ıle. The eruption of every miſerable Scribler; the dirty of every ſtagnant News-paper; the rags of worn-out enſe and Scandal, picked up from every Dunghill; unhe title of *Eſſays*, *Reflections*, *Queries*, *Songs*, *Epigrams*, *les*, &c. equally the diſgrace of human Wit, Morality, Common Senſe.

ER. 43. *Sepulchral Lies,*] Is a juſt ſatire on the Flatteries Falſhoods admitted to be inſcribed on the walls of ches, in Epitaphs; which occaſioned the following ram:

Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
So very much is ſaid:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

ER. 44. *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate for time being, to be ſung at Court on every New year's day, words of which are happily drowned in the voices and uments. The *New-year Odes* of the Hero of this work of a caſt diſtinguiſhed from all that preceded him, and e a conſpicuous part of his character as a writer, which otleſs induced our Author to mention them here ſo parıarly.

In clouded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, ſupport her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:
Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger, and who thirſt for ſcribling ſake:

REMARKS.

VER. 45. *In clouded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone*;] See t Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her he book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare t deſcription of the Majeſty of Dulneſs in a ſtate of peace a tranquillity, with that more buſy ſcene where ſhe mounts throne in triumph, and is not ſo much ſupported by her o Virtues, as by the princely conſciouſneſs of having deſtro all other.

VER. 50. *Who hunger, and who thirſt, &c.*] "This is "alluſion to a text in Scripture, which ſhews in Mr. P. "a delight in prophaneneſs," ſaid Curl upon this pla But it is very familiar with Shakeſpear to allude to paſſa of Scripture. Out of a great number I will ſelect a few, which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Text fr holy Writ. In All's well that ends well, *I am no great N buchadnezzar, I have not much ſkill in graſs.* Ibid. *They are the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great p* Matt. vii. 13. In Much ado about nothing, *All, all, moreover God ſaw him when he was hid in the Garden.* Gen. 8. (in a very jocoſe ſcene.) In Love's labour loſt, he t

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *In cloudy Majeſty*]
---------the Moon
Riſing in cloudy Majeſty------ *Milton*, Book

VER. 48. ——·——*that knows no fears,*
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:]
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terr

I

Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th'approaching jayl:
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid Pudding againſt empty praiſe.
Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
'Till genial Jacob or a warm Third day,
Call forth each maſs, a Poem, or a Play:
How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

REMARKS.

of Samſon's carrying the gates on his back: In the Merry Wives of Windſor, of Goliah and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falſtaff's ſoldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal ſon.

The firſt part of this note is Mr. CURL's, the reſt is Mr. THEOBALD's Appendix to Shakeſpear Reſtored, p. 144.

VER. 57. *genial Jacob,*] Tonſon. The famous race of Bookſellers of that name.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 55. *Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*
Where nameleſs Somethings, &c.

That is to ſay, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Bookſellers or the Players bid moſt. Theſe lines allude to the following in Garth's Diſpenſary, Cant. vi.

Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unlocks the glebe, and calls them out to day.

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motley Images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She ſees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How farce and Epic get a jumbled race;

REMARKS.

VER. 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiſs to give an inſtance or two of theſe operations of *Dulneſs* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held theſe clenches in ſuch abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, "would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "*Alexander Pope* hath ſent "abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his nameſake Pope "*Alexander*. — Let us take the initial and final letters of his "Name, *viz. A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an "*Ape—Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which ſigni- "fies a little Wart; or from *poppyſma*, becauſe he was con- "tinually *popping* out ſquibs of wit, or rather *Popyſmata*, or "*Popyſms*." DENNIS on *Hom.* and Daily Journal, *June* 11, 1728.

VER. 70. *&c. How Farce and Epic—How Time himſelf, &c.*] Allude to the tranſgreſſions of the *Unities* in the Plays of ſuch poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, ſee Pluto and Proſerpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 64. *And ductile Dulneſs, &c.*] A parody on a verſe Garth, Cant. i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes,

How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their Place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Deſcription Ægypt glads with ſhow'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow.
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.

All theſe, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the ſcene.
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

REMARKS.

VER. 73. *Ægypt glads with ſhow'rs,*] In the Lower Ægypt Rain is of no uſe, the over-flowing of the Nile being ſufficient to impregnate the ſoil.—Theſe ſix verſes repreſent the Inconſiſtencies in the deſcriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one ſeaſon, or in one ſcene.

See the Guardian N° 40. parag. 6. See alſo *Euſden's* whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleaſant to have given Examples of all thoſe ſpecies of bad writing from theſe Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatiſe of the *Bathos*.

VER. 83. *Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall, And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.*] i. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in falſe and tumid expreſſion.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and mac
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and bro
faces)
Now Night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold rich and grave,
Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 17

REMARKS.

VER. 85, 86. *'Twas on the Day, when ** rich and gr*
Like Cimon, triumph'd] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his n
the author had left in blanks, but moſt certainly could n
be that which the Editor foiſted in formerly, and whic
way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BE

The Proceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by
and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian Ge
obtained a victory by ſea, and another by land, on the
day, over the Perſians and Barbarians.

VER. 88. *Glad Chains,*] The Ignorance of theſe Mo
This was alter'd in one edition to *Gold Chains*, ſhewin
regard to the metal of which the chains of Alder
made, than to the beauty of the Latiniſm and Græci
of figurative ſpeech itſelf: *Lætas ſegetes*, glad, for
glad, *&c.*

VER. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day*
beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with poets in
poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than thoſ
Mr. Addiſon.

Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful-th
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſon

Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
While penſive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
What City Swans once ſung within the walls;
Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.
She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;

REMARKS.

That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry:
Yet run for ever by the Muſes ſtill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compoſe yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the Pageants: But that part of the ſhows being at length frugally aboliſhed, the employment of City-poet ceaſed; ſo that upon Settle's demiſe there was no ſucceſſor to that place.

VER. 98. *John Haywood*, whoſe Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 103. *Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel*] The firſt edition had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great Miſtake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn,

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She saw flow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage. 106

REMARKS.

both of whom wrote Verſes as well as Politics: as appears by the Poem *De jure divino, &c.* of De Foe, and by theſe lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies, on the other:

--------One lately did not fear
(Without the Muſes leave) to plant Verſe here.
But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge—
Rhymes, as e'en ſet the hearers ears on edge:
Written by *William Prynn Eſqui-re, the*
Year of our Lord, ſix hundred thirty three.
Brave Jerſey Muſe! and he's for his high ſtyle
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Iſle.

And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike ſentenced to the Pillory.

VER. 104. *And Euſden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Euſden Poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

Euſden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric. p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he ever met with "none comes up to ſome verſes of this poet, which have a "much of the Ridiculum and the Fuſtian in them as can well "be jumbled together, and are of that ſort of nonſenſe, which "ſo perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no diſtinct one "left in the mind." Farther he ſays of him, "That he has "propheſied his own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus "Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accom "pliſhment of it, from what he hath lately publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflection, "That "the putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ ſuch "verſes, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment "and juſtice of thoſe who beſtowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of that Noble Perſon, who was the

each ſhe marks her image full expreſt,
hief in BAYS's monſter-breeding breaſt;

VARIATIONS.

R. 108. *But chief in Bays, &c.*] In the former Ed. thus,
ut chief, in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
ees Gods with Dæmons in ſtrange league engage,
nd earth and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate,
nd pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
tudious he ſate, with all his books around,
inking from thought to thought, &c.----
. *Tibbald.*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakeſpear*
. During two whole years while Mr. Pope was pre-
his edition of Shakeſpear, he publiſhed Advertiſements,
ling aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who
contribute to its greater perfection. But this reſtorer,
as at that time ſolliciting favours of him by letters,
holly conceal his deſign, till after its publication:
he was ſince not aſhamed to own, in a *Daily Journal*
. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the
that our author had joined with the Bookſeller to
n *extravagant ſubſcription*; in which he had no ſhare,
ch he had no knowledge, and againſt which he had
dly adverti ſed in his own propoſals for *Homer*. Pro-
that Proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds
Poem, which he ſeems to deſerve no other way bet-
n his brethren; unleſs we impute it to the ſhare he
the Journals, cited among the *Teſtimonies of Authors*
to this work.

REMARKS.

Chamberlain, might have ſcreened him from this un-
rly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain,
; after, that the laurel would have better become his
rows, or any others: It were more decent to acquieſce
opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:
-In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, Who ſhall have it,
ut I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with ſucceſs. 110

REMARKS.

Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.
Seſſion of Poets.

The ſame plea might alſo ſerve for his Succeſſor, Mr. Cibber; and is further ſtrengthened in the following Epigram made on that occaſion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, ſee Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

VER. 106. *And all the mighty Mad*] This is by no means to be underſtood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, vol. iii. No—it is ſpoken of that *excellent* and *divine Madneſs*, ſo often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthuſiaſm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly poſſeſſed; and of thoſe *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himſelf ſo feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on Book ii. ver. 268.]

Ibid. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Cenſor, vol. ii. N. 32. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon "as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily pro "vokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how "much this *poor* man" [*I wiſh that reflection on* poverty *had be*

ſs with tranſport eyes the lively Dunce,
nbring ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.

REMARKS.

"ſuffers by being contradicted, or which is the ſame
; in effect, by hearing another praiſed; we ſhould,
mpaſſion, ſometimes attend to him with a ſilent nod,
let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.
er Furius [*again*] when any of his cotemporaries are
en well of, quitting the ground of the preſent diſ-
, ſteps back a thouſand years to call in the ſuccour
ıe ancients. His very panegyric is ſpiteful, and he
it for the ſame reaſon as ſome Ladies do their com-
dations of a dead beauty, who would never have had
good word, but that a living one happened to be
tioned in their company. His applauſe is not the
ıte of his *Heart*, but the ſacrifice of his *Revenge*." *&c*
his pieces againſt our poet are ſomewhat of an angry
er, and as they are now ſcarce extant, a taſte of his
ay be ſatisfactory to the curious. "A young, ſquab,
: gentleman, whoſe outward form, though it ſhould
ıat of downright monkey, would not differ ſo much
ı human ſhape as his unthinking immaterial part does
ı human underſtanding.—He is as ſtupid and as ve-
ous as a hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which
r and Ignorance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and impotent,
idiculouſly look very big and very dull, and ſtrut and
ıle, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being
ınd ſupported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector,
udence." Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 26.

ould be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this Fury, they
trong and ſo coercive. "I regard him (ſaith he) as an
ıy, not ſo much to me, as to my King, to my Country,
ıy religion, and to that liberty which has been the ſole
ity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who is ſome-
s pleaſed to be frolickſome, and the epidemic *Madneſs*
e times have given him *Reputation*, and Reputation (as
bes ſays) is *Power*, and *that has made him dangerous*.

Now (ſhame to Fortune) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold viſage, and a thin third day:

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" Therefore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, whoſe " faithful Subject I am; to my *Country*, of which I have ap- " peared a conſtant lover; to the *Laws*, under whoſe pro- " tection I have ſo long lived; and to the *Liberty* of my " *Country*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now " for forty years been a conſtant aſſertor, &c. I look upon " it as my duty, I ſay, to do—*you ſhall ſee what*—to pull " the lion's ſkin from this little Aſs, which popular error " has thrown round him; and to ſhow that this Author, " who has been lately ſo much in vogue, has neither ſenſe " in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Beſides theſe puplic-ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expreſſing in p. 92. appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the ſaid Mr. P. " The " ſtory (ſays he) is too long to be told, but who would be " acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my Book- " ſeller.—However, what my reaſon has ſuggeſted to me, " that I have with a juſt confidence ſaid, in defiance of his " two clandeſtine weapons, his *Slander* and his *Poiſon*." Which laſt words of his book plainly diſcover Mr D.'s ſuſ- picion was that of being *poiſoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: of which fact ſee *A full and true ac- count of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poiſon, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein theſe Remarks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed. But what puts it beyond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm treatiſe, in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price two pence, called *A true character of Mr. Pope and his writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is ſa " to have inſulted people on thoſe calamities and diſeaſ " which he himſelf gave them, by adminiſtring *Poiſon* " them:" and is called (p. 4.) " a lurking way-laying co- " ard, and a ſtabber in the dark." Which (with many

ring and ſupperleſs the Hero ſate, 115
hem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.

REMARKS.

: moſt lively ſet forth in that piece) muſt have rendered
a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all chriſtian
e. This charitable warning only provoked our in-
ible Poet to write the following Epigram:
Should Dennis publiſh, you had ſtabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one ſo poor you cannot take the law;
On one ſo old your ſword you ſcorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmleſs monſter rage,
Secure in dulneſs, madneſs, want, and age.
: the reſt; Mr. John Dennis was the ſon of a Sadler in
on, born 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden: and
g obtained ſome correſpondence with Mr. Wycherley
Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with
Letters. He made himſelf known to the Government
any admirable ſchemes and projects; which the Mini-
for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept
te. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as fol-
: "Mr. Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly*
ular in all his performances, and a perſon of *ſound Learn-*
g. That he is maſter of a great deal of *Penetration* and
dgment, his criticiſms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do
ficiently demonſtrate." From the ſame account it alſo
rs that he writ Plays "more to get *Reputation* than
ney." DENNIS of himſelf. See Giles Jacob's Lives
am. Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.
R. 109. *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the
here hath done full juſtice to his Hero's character, which
re a great miſtake to imagine was wholly ſunk in ſtupi-
he is allowed to have ſupported it with a wonderful
ire of Vivacity. This character is heightened accord-
to his own deſire, in a Letter he wrote to our author.
rt and dull at leaſt you might have allowed me. What I

Then gnaw'd his Pen, then daſh'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!

REMARKS.

" am I only to be dull and dull ſtill, and again, and for ever!" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own conſcience, that "he " could not think himſelf ſo, nor believe that our poet did; " but that he ſpoke worſe of him than he could poſſibly " think; and concluded it muſt be merely to ſhew his *Wit*, " or ſome *Profit* or *Lucre* to himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15. 40. 53. And to ſhew his claim to what the Poet was ſo unwilling to allow him, of being *Pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *laſt word*; which occaſioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verſe you foreclose,
I'll have the laſt word; for by G—, I'll write proſe,
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt Word is the Word that laſts longeſt.

VER. 112. *Remembring ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.*] The Poet had told us, ver. 13. that this fair daughter of *Night* and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when parents are moſt apt to ſpoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought ſtrange therefore, that over-much careſſing ſhould make even *Dulneſs* herſelf *pert*, eſpecially in her youth; though her own natural *Alacrity* was in ſinking, or towards *Gravity*. SCRIBL.

VER. 113. *ſhame to Fortune!*] Becauſe ſhe uſually ſhews favour to perſons of this Character, who have a three-fold pretence to it.

VER. 114. *ſupperleſs the Hero ſate,*] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all the former commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a great abſurdity! No that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyſſey i frequently in that circumſtance, and therefore it can no wa derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to repreſent ſuc Hero under a calamity, to which the greateſt, not only Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors have been ſub

lung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
et wrote and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair.
ound him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
uch future Ode, and abdicated Play:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 121. *Round him much Embryo, &c.*] In the former dition thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay:
Volumes, whoſe ſize the ſpace exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were ſo good to gild,
Or where, by ſculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own,
Here ſwells the ſhelf, &c.----

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay.*
------*round he throws his eyes,*
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay. Milt. B. i.

The progreſs of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progreſs of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, might probably ſuggeſt this imitation.

REMARKS.

ect. But much more refined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or, what Boſſu calls, *a diſguiſed ſentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poeſy brings ill into action; and to repreſent a Critic encompaſſed with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of Money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the

Nonſenſe precipitate, like running Lead,
That ſlip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Hea
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing memory of all he ſtole,
How here he ſip'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er like an induſtrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes, and here
The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapleſs Shakeſpear, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.

REMARKS.

Poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper? ſides, how well has the Poet conſulted his Heroic Charac in adding that he *ſwore* all the time? BEN

VER. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes,*] A great num of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

VER. 132. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old p "it was as a good houſewife will mend old linen, when "has not better employment." Life, p. 217, Octavo.

VER. 133. *hapleſs Shakeſpear, etc.*] It is not to be doul but Bays was a ſubſcriber to Tibbald's Shakeſpear. He frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "ſubſcri "to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generoſity and Civil "but when Mr. Pope did ſo to his Nonjuror, he conclu "it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, publiſhed an edition of Shi ſpear, of which he was ſo proud himſelf as to ſay, in on Miſt's Journals, June 8, "That to expoſe any Errors i "was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "T "whatever care might for the future be taken by any o

on Out-ſide merit but preſume,
(like other Fools) to fill a room;
:h their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
fond parents dreſt in red and gold;
e the pictures for the page atone,
arles is ſav'd by beauties not his own.
ells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
tamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines com-
te:

REMARKS.

, he would ſtill give above five hundred Emenda-
that *ſhall* eſcape them all."

134. *Wiſh'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praiſe
e Players gave to Shakeſpear, "that he never blot-
ne." Ben Johnſon honeſtly wiſh'd he had blotted a
; and Shakeſpear would certainly have wiſhed the
he had lived to ſee thoſe alterations in his works,
ot the Actors only (and eſpecially the daring Hero
)em) have made on the *Stage*, but the preſumptuous
our days in their *Editions*.

135. *The reſt on Outſide merit, &c.*] This Library is
nto three parts: the firſt conſiſts of thoſe authors
)m he ſtole, and whoſe works he mangled; the ſe-
uch as fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhew,
:d with pictures; the third claſs our author calls
ning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries,
ſh Printers, or old Engliſh Tranſlations: all very
us, and fit to erect altars to Dulneſs.

IMITATIONS.

140. in the former Ed.
page admires new beauties not it's own.
irque novas frondes & non ſua poma. Virg. Geor. ii.

Here all his ſuff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Library of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 146. in the firſt Edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W——s and Bl—

And in the following alter'd to Withers, Quarles and Blome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the ſurreptitious editions, *W—ly*, *W—s*, who were perſons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Chriſt in verſe, the other ſome valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious ſubjects. The line is here reſtor'd according to its original.

"*George Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal "againſt the vices of the times, and abuſed the greateſt "perſonages in power, which brought upon him *frequent* "*Correction*. The *Marſhalſea* and *Newgate* were no ſtrangers "to him." WINSTANLY. *Quarles* was as dull a writer, but an honeſter man. *Blome*'s books are remarkable for their cuts.

REMARKS.

VER. 141. *Ogilby the great*;] "John Ogilby was one, who "from a late initiation into literature, made ſuch a progreſs "as might well ſtyle him the prodigy of his time! ſending "into the world ſo many *large Volumes!* His tranſlations of "Homer and Virgil *done to the life*, and *with ſuch excellent* "*ſculptures*: And (what added great grace to his works) "he printed them all on *ſpecial good paper*, and in a *very* "*good letter*." WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

VER. 142. *There, ſtampt with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete*] "The *Ducheſs of Newcaſtle* was one who buſied herſelf in "the raviſhing delights of Poetry; leaving to Poſterity in "print three *ample Volumes* of her ſtudious endeavours." WINSTANLY, ibid. Langbaine reckons up *eight* Folios of

But, high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
ıe Claſſics of an Age that heard of none;
ıere Caxton ſlept with Wynkyn at his ſide,
ıe claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;

REMARKS.

r Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, d had her coat of arms upon them.

VER. 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet s mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are rallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his other Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City ſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible ghts in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as ſhows, rth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in *Tragedy* (tho' ore ſucceſsful) in one of his Tragedies, the *Earl of Eſſex*, hich is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *rus the Great*, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſt in a ſort *eggars Velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick Fuſtian* id *thin Proſaic*; exactly imitated in *Perolla* and *Iſidora*, *eſar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a rving man of Ben Johnſon, who once picked up a *Comedy* om his Betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his Maſter, not ıtively contemptible.

VER. 147. *More ſolid learning*] Some have objected, that ooks of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of our Bays, hich they imagined conſiſted of Novels, Plays, and obſcene ooks; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves nly for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the *ry bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by is Father when he deſigned him for the Gown. See the note n ver. 202.

VER. 149. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. ich. III. and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, ı that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into roſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in is proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly nown. "Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was tranſlated out of latyn by

There, ſav'd by ſpice, like Mummies, many
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon ben

REMARKS.

" ſome noble clerke of fraunce, which book is nan
" *dos* (made in latyn by that noble poete and gr
" Vyrgyle) which book I ſawe over and redde ther
" after the generall deſtruccyon of the grete Tro
" departed berynge his old fader anchiſes upon his
" his lytyl ſon yolas on his hande, his wife wy
" other people followynge, and how he ſhippe
" parted; wythe all thyſtorye of his adventures th
" er he cam to the atchievement of his conqueſt
" as all alonge ſhall be ſhewed in this preſent bc
" whiche booke I had great playſyr, by cauſe of
" and honeſt termes & wordes in frenche, which
" ſawe to fore lyke, ne none ſo playſant ne ſo wel
" whiche booke as me ſemed ſhould be moch re
" noble men to ſee, as wel for the eloquence as t
" ryes. How wel that many hondred yerys paſſe
" ſayd books of Eneydos wyth other workes n
" lerned dayly in ſcolis, eſpecyally in ytally and oth
" which hiſtorye the ſayd Vyrgyle made in metr
bald quotes a rare paſſage from him in *Miſſ's* '
March 16, 1728, concerning a *ſtraunge and mervayl*
called Sagittarye, which he would have *Shakeſpea*
rather than *Teucer*, the Archer celebrated by *Homer*.

VER 153. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a ver
nous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt fol
printed in 1472.

VER. 154. *Philemon Holland* Doctor in Phyſic. "
" lated *ſo many books*, that a man would think he
" *nothing elſe*; inſomuch that he might be called
" *general of his age.* The books alone of his tur
" Engliſh are ſufficient to make a *Country gentleman*
" *Library.*" WINSTANLY.

Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleſt ſize
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
An hecatomb of pure unſully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
Quartos, octavos, ſhape the leſs'ning pyre;
A twiſted Birth-day Ode completes the ſpire.
Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
Firſt in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end,
E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praiſe,
To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 162. *A twiſted*, &c.] in the former Ed.
And laſt, a little Ajax tips the Spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, tranſlated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The firſt viſible cauſe of the paſſion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his firſt play of the *Fool in faſhion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendſhip of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchaſe it.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end,*]
A te principium, tibi definet.— Virg. Ecl. viii.
Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Διὸς λήγετε Μοῦσαι Theoc.
Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende Camœna. Hor.

O thou! of Bus'neſs the directing ſoul!
To this our head like biaſs to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind!
And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and Senſe;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 177. *Or, if to Wit*, &c.] In the former Ed.

Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science riſe,
She does but ſhew her coward face and dies:
There thy good Scholiaſts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains:
Here ſtudious I unlucky moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpear once a week.
For thee ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsleſs prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

REMARKS.

"Whatever contempt (ſays he) Philoſophers may have for
"fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to deſpiſe the work
"but live in it, knew very well that ſo material an artic

quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
I hang some curious cobweb in its stead!

VARIATIONS.

ar. *Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.*] where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakespear* guilty rrible *Anachronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had r'd; and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkyn*, er than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay so far had he lost his rence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He v'd to be whipt*. An insolence which nothing sure can llel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have de- d before company, that *Shakespear was a Rascal*. *O ra! O mores!*

ar. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some , once a week or fortnight he printed in *Mist's Journal* e remark or poor conjecture on some *word* or *pointing* of *spear*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself om others without name. Upon these somebody made Epigram:

"'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
"To help us thus to read the works of others:
"Never for this can just returns be shown;
"For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

ar. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays*;] As to *Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even a note, are carefully owned by him: And to *Moore's dy* of the *Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same : These were people who writ about the year 1726.

REMARKS.

dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, uld never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard d Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill ade one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, hich so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid on him. In a word, he made his attack upon this

As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly thro' the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptineſs, and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my Elaſticity, and Fire.
Some Dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe:
Elſe all my Proſe and Verſe were much the ſame;
This, proſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my Fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead Letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk Example never fail'd to move.

REMARKS.

" Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady " of pleaſure, firſt by a few familiar praiſes of her perſon, " and then a civil enquiry into the price of it; and we " finiſhed our bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig uſually made its entrance upon the ſtage in a ſedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

VER. 178, 179. *Guard the ſure barrier---Or quite unravel, &c.*] For *Wit* or *Reaſoning* are never greatly hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded in *Truth*, and the other in *Uſefulneſs*.

VER. 181. *As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.*] The thought of theſe four verſes is found in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and ſoon after printed) to the Author of a poem called *Successio*.

Yet ſure, had Heav'n decreed to ſave the State,
Heav'n had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This grey-goose weapon muſt have made her ſtand.
What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 195. *Yet ſure, had Heaven,* &c.] In the former Ed.
Had Heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to ſpare the Grubſtreet-ſtate.
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!
Could Troy be ſav'd, *&c.*----

REMARKS.

VER. 198.---*grey-goose weapon*] Alluding to the old Engliſh weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

VER. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as juſtly ſpeak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher "Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'eſt le même que Marc "Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made ſo free with him.

VER. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himſelf) a *Biſhop* of the Church of England.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, etc.*]
Me ſi cœlicolæ voluiſſent ducere vitam,
Has mihi ſervaſſent ſedes.----- Virg. Æn. ii.

VER. 197, 198. *Could Troy be ſav'd--This grey-goose weapon*]
----- Si Pergama dextra
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent. Virg. ibid.

Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the Doctors ſit,
Teach Oaths to Gameſters, and to Nobles Wit?
Or bidſt thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at diff'rent ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)

REMARKS.

Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. "James, the Prince of Orange, and myſelf were on the anvil, "Providence thought fit to poſtpone mine, 'till theirs were "determined: But had my father carried me a month ſooner "to the Univerſity, who knows but that purer fountain "might have waſhed my Imperfections into a capacity of "writing, inſtead of Plays and annual *Odes*, Sermons and "*Paſtoral Letters?*" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

VER. 203. *at* White's *amidſt the* Doctors] Theſe Doctors had a modeſt and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing; but, like true Maſters of Arts, were only habited in *black* and *white*: They were juſtly ſtiled *ſubtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being ſometimes examined, and, by a nice diſtinction, divided and laid open. SCRIB.

This learned Critic is to be underſtood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *falſe Dice*, a Cant phraſe uſed among Gameſters. So the meaning of theſe four ſonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

VER. 208. *Ridpath---Miſt.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-poſt; Nathanael Miſt, of a famous Tory Journal.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God.*]

Dextra mihi *Deus*, & telum *quod miſſile libro.*
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

ll I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
r head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
l cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

er. 211, *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,*] ites to the well-known story of the geese that saved the itol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat:

affage I have always suspected. Who sees not the anti- is of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian esty? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings? canebat*, gil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, ccl. ix.

---- argutos *interstrepere* anser olores.

d it therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus?* s not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

his *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I ple not *(repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis)* to correct it *ius*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

----- *Auritas* fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

s to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb, SCRIBL.

ER. 212. *And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?*] Not of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what bbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all nisterial-writers whatsoever: "That he defends the su- reme powers, as the *Geese* by their *cackling* defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their Enemies, but were as ready o have defended the Gauls, if they had been *possessed of he capitol*." Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Hold—to the Miniſter I more incline;
To ſerve his cauſe, O Queen! is ſerving thine.
And ſee! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henly writes no more.
What then remains? Ourſelf. Still, ſtill remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen Brightneſs, to the 'Squire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd Hardneſs, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Abſurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Meſs, toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 213. *Hold---to the Miniſter,---*] In the former Edit.
Yes to my Country I my pen confign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine.

VER. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of miniſterial writers, hir at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. wh on the very day their patron quitted his poſt, laid down the paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politic

VER. 218. *Cibberian forehead*] So indeed all the MS read, but I make no ſcruple to pronounce them all wron the Laureate being elſewhere celebrated by our Poet for l great *Modeſty---modeſt Cibber*---Read, therefore, at my pe *Cerberian forehead*. This is perfectly claſſical, and, what more, *Homerical*; the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is t modern, ſymbol of Impudence: (Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, ſ Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a ſuperlative d gree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus*, the *Dog* w *three heads*.--But as to the latter part of this verſe, *Cibbe brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENT

rn in ſin, and forth in folly brought!
damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
rify'd by flames aſcend the ſky,
ter and more chriſtian progeny!
'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden ſheets;
ill your ſmutty ſiſters walk the ſtreets.

VARIATIONS.

225. *O born in ſin*, &c.] In the former Edit.

ieu, my Children! better thus expire
-ſtall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,
r without ſpot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
ſhipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
wafting ginger, round the ſtreets to run,
d viſit Ale-houſe, where ye firſt begun.
th that he lifted thrice the ſparkling brand,
d thrice he dropp'd it, &c.----

IMITATIONS.

And viſit Ale-houſe] *Waller* on the Navy,
oſe tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile plains may go,
d viſit mountains where they once did grow.

REMARKS.

225. *O born in ſin*, &c.] This is a tender and pat-
apoſtrophe to his own works, which he is going to
agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction;
cting like a parent on the many miſerable fates to
ey would otherwiſe be ſubject.

228. *My better and more chriſtian progeny!*] "It may

IMITATIONS.

229. *unſtain'd, untouch'd*, &c.]

---- Felix Priameia virgo!
a mori: quæ ſortitus non pertulit ullos,
c victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
, patria incenſa, diverſa per æquora vectæ, &c.
Virg. Æn. iii.

Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Paſs, and vagrant thro' the land;
Not ſail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not ſulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-houſe fire;
Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your ſire!
O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal Reſt!

REMARKS.

" be obſervable, that my muſe and my ſpouſe were equal
" prolific; that the one was ſeldom the mother of a Chil
" but in the ſame year the other made me the father of
" Play. I think we had a dozen of each ſort between u
" of both which kinds ſome *died* in their *Infancy*," &c. Li
of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

VER. 231. *gratis-given Bland,--Sent with a Paſs,*] It was practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and miniſterial pa phlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to ſend the *Poſt-free* to all the Towns in the kingdom.

VER. 233--*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,*] " E
" ward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibraſtic ver
" but beſt known by the London Spy, in proſe. He has
" late years kept a public houſe in the City, (but in a gene
" way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (a
" afforded his gueſts a pleaſurable entertainment, eſpecia
" thoſe of the high-church party." JACOB, Lives of Poe vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yea ſold into the Plantations.---Ward, in a book called Apoll Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſt that his public houſe was not in the *City*, but in *Moorfields*.

VER. 238, 240. *Tate--Shadwell*] Two of his predeceſſ in the Laurel.

Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face:
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, etc.*] In the former Edit.
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the Tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze &c.
Var. *Now flames old* Memnon, *now* Rodrigo *burns*,
In one quick flash see Proserpine *expire.*]

REMARKS.

VER. 243. *With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!) etc.*] It is to be observed that our Poet hath made his Hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender Passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor, he'd be damn'd*; "the surprise of being commended by one, who "had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so *positive* "*a manner*, was more than he could support. In a word "(says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if "you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes." P. 149. of his Life, octavo.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, etc*] In the first Notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent in Tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not

Great Cæſar roars, and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:

VARIATIONS.

Memnon, a hero in the *Perſian Princeſs*, very apt to take fire, as appears by theſe lines, with which he begins the play,

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it ſcald my aged trunk.----

Rodrigo, the chief perſonage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between *Tibbald* and a Watch-maker.) The *Rape of Proſerpine*, one of the Farces of this Author, in which *Ceres* ſetting fire to a corn field, endangered the burning of the Play-houſe.

Var. *And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire*] He had been (to uſe an expreſſion of our Poet) *about Æſchylus* for ten years and had received ſubſcriptions for the ſame, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldneſs in a high degree, but our author ſuppoſes it very much cooled by the tranſlation: upon ſight of a ſpecimen of which was made this Epigram,

"Alas! poor *Æſchylus!* unlucky Dog!
"Whom once a *Lobſter* kill'd, and now a *Log*.

But this is a grievous error, for *Æſchylus* was not ſlain by the fall of a Lobſter on his head, but of a Tortoiſe, *teſte* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12. SCRIB.

REMARKS.

"dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell moſt ſhamefully, having produced no leſs than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preſerves in theſe few lines) the three firſt of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth ſuppreſſed in fear of the like treatment.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand*, Ovid, of Althæa on a like occaſion, burning her offspring

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit.

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.
Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.

REMARKS.

VER. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old ſtubble*] A Comedy threſhed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and ſo much the Tranſlator's favourite, that he aſſures us all our author's diſlike to it could only ariſe from *diſaffection to the Government*:

Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon Roi,
Et n'a, ſelon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi. Boil.

He aſſures us, that "when he had the honour to kiſs his 'Majeſty's hand upon preſenting his dedication of it, he 'was graciouſly pleaſed out of his Royal bounty to order 'him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not 'grieved Mr. P."

VER. 256. *When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.*] See Virgil Æn. ii. where I would adviſe the reader to peruſe the ſtory of Troy's deſtruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a moſt grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horſe*; there having never been any ſuch thing. For, firſt, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, ſecondly, it was not a *horſe*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verſes in Virgil:

----Uterumque armato milite complent.—
Incluſos utero Danaos ----

Can a horſe be ſaid *Utero gerere?* Again,

-----Uteroque recuſſo,
Inſonuere cavæ----
----Atque utero ſonitum quater arma dedere.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, etc.*]

----Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano ſuperante domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.---

Rowz'd by the light, old dulneſs heav'd the
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thulè from her bed.
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.

Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and M
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.

REMARKS.

Nay, is it not expreſly ſaid
Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fœta armis-----

How is it poſſible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horſe* Indeed can it be conceived that the chaſte and virgin G *Pallas* would employ herſelf in forming and faſhionin Male of that ſpecies? But this ſhall be proved to a d ſtration in our Virgil reſtored. SCR

VER. 258. *Thulè*] An unfiniſhed poem of that nar which one ſheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. P a northern author. It is an uſual method of putting fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it. Some critics have b opinion that this ſheet was of the nature of the Aſ which cannot be conſumed by fire: But I rather thin allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs writing.

VER. 265. *ſacred Dome:*] Where he no ſooner ente he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato ſa ſpirits ſhall, at their entrance into the celeſtial regions

IMITATIONS.

VER. 265. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and She looks and breathes herſelf into their airs.*]

Alma parens confeſſa Deam; qualiſque videri
Cœlicolis, & quanta ſolet.---- Virg. A
Et lætos oculis afflavit honores. Id.

its ending their terreſtrial race,
and recognize their Native Place.
great Mother dearer held than all
ɔs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
ɔd her opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls,
ɛ ſhe plan'd th' Imperial ſeat of Fools.
to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhews,
ell'd to verſe, verſe loit'ring into proſe:
dom thoughts now meaning chance to find,
ve all memory of ſenſe behind:

VARIATIONS.

ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed thoſe two lines,
ur'd he gazes round the dear retreat,
in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.] Tibbald writ a
ed the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very
ary wiſh, "That ſome great genius, or man of
iſh'd merit may be *ſtarved*, in order to celebrate
wer, and deſcribe her Cave." It was printed in
715.

REMARKS.

269. *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to
The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient
of certain political clubs who were conſtantly en-
uid nunc? what news?

IMITATIONS.

269. *This the great Mother*, &c.
i antiqua fuit -----
n Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
habita coluiſſe Samo: hic illius arma,
currus fuit; hic regnum Dea gentibus eſſe
ua fata ſinant) jam tum tenditque foveteque.
Virg. Æn. i.

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes felons ſcr
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new piec
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpear, and Co
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

VER. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronou
Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and
Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent.
Author of ſome forgotten plays, Tranſlations and oth
He was concern'd in a paper called the Cenſor, and
lation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, c
"Whachum, who, from an under-ſpur leather to t
"become an under-ſtrapper to the Play-houſe,
"lately burleſqued the Metamorphoſes of Ovid
"Tranſlation; *etc.* This fellow is concerned in a
"tinent paper called the Cenſor." DENNIS, Rem.
Hom. p. 9, 10.

Ibid. *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit M
"did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where *ſomebod*
"*ſomething* to live on, when he ſhall retire from
"He was deſigned to be ſent to Cambridge, in
"prieſthood; but he choſe rather to be placed in
"*accounts*, in the City, being qualified for the ſam
"ſkill in *arithmetic*, and writing the neceſſary *hand*
"obliged the world with many tranſlations o
"Plays." JACOB, Lives of *Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly f
merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done hi
ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and

he Goddeſs then o'er his anointed head,
ı myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.
lo! her bird, (a monſter of a fowl,
ething betwixt a Heideggre and owl)
h'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
ſon! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
w, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
leeps among the dull of ancient days;

VARIATIONS.

R. 293. *Know, Euſden, &c.*] In the former Ed.
Know, Settle, cloy'd with cuſtard and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt.
I ſee a King! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my throne!
I ſee! I ſee!—Then rapt ſhe ſpoke no more,
God ſave King Tibbald! Grubſtreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

REMARKS.

vertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729. in a paper called the
ly Medley, *&c.* "As to my *learning*, this envious
retch knew and every body knows, that the *whole Bench*
Biſhops, not long ago, were pleaſed to give me a *purſe*
uineas, for diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations of the
mmon-prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian,
. As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland ſhew better
ſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's verſion of Boi-
u's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was ſo pleaſed
th, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate
o him, *&c.* Let him ſhew better and truer Poetry in
s Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket

Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic fire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a Friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!

REMARKS.

" *(la Secchia rapita.)* And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon " publickly declared Ozell's tranſlation of Homer *to be*, as " it was *prior*, ſo likewiſe *ſuperior* to Pope's—Surely, ſurely, " every man is free to deſerve well of his country!" JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the *Bench of Biſhops*, Mr. *Toland*, and Mr. *Gildon*.

VER. 290. *A Heideggre.*] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

VER. 296. *Withers,*] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels of the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the Divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad Plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

VER. 297. *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

ng, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
e creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
d thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my ſons,
ht-arm'd with Points, Antitheſes, and Puns.
Bawdry, Billingſgate, my daughters dear,
port his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
l under his, and under Archer's wing,
ning and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.
)! when ſhall riſe a Monarch all our own,
l I, a Nurſing-mother, rock the throne:

REMARKS.

ER. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing,—Gaming,* &c.] When ſtatute againſt Gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, the King, by ancient cuſtom, plays at Hazard one night ne year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an ption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the om-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the ner the Court was at Kenſington, which his Majeſty entally being acquainted of, with a juſt indignation ibited. It is reported the ſame practice is yet continued ever the Court reſides, and the Hazard Table there to all the profeſſed Gameſters in town.

Greateſt and *juſteſt* SOV'REIGN; know you this?
Alas! no more, than *Thames'* calm *head* can know
Whoſe meads his *arms* drown, or whoſe corn o'erflow.
Donne to Queen Eliz.

IMITATIONS.

ER. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]
--------Quorum Imagines lambunt
Hederæ ſequaces. Perſ.

ER. 311. *O! when ſhall riſe a Monarch,* &c.] Boileau, in, Chant. II.
Helas! qu'eſt devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans: &c.

'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain dr
Shade him from Light, and cover him from L
Fatten the Courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle Armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal th
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God ſave king Colley! crie
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rod
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-ho

REMARKS.

VER. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Inſtrum in the ſervice of the Chapel royal being alſo employ performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

VER. 324. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of gr and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant pray that ſhe might "get enough by her profeſſion t "off in time, and make her peace with God." fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſ pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her grea and Votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it pu to her days.

VER. 225. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern ſtreet, where theſe Odes are uſually rehearſed bef are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of th made this Epigram,

When Laureates make Odes, Do you aſk of what
Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—From the Devil they come to t
And go from the Court to the Devil.

So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(as ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)
loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
and the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave king Log!

REMARKS.

VER. 338.—*Ogilby)---God ſave King Log!*] See Ogilby's Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory of the Frogs and their king, this excellent hemiſtic is to be found.

Our author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a prodigious tenderneſs for the *bad writers*. We ſee he ſelects the only good ſtage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which ſhews how candid and patient a reader he muſt have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than theſe words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the moſt moderate repreſentation of their caſe that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of bad poets: What we call a *genius* is hard to be diſtinguiſhed, by a man himſelf, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be never ſo great, he can at firſt diſcover it no other way than by that ſtrong propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment, by writing, and ſo appealing to the judgment of others: And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worſt authors might endeavour to pleaſe us, and, in that endeavour, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them, but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumſtances: For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unſincere; and the reſt of the world too well bred to ſhock them with a truth which generally their bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe peop may appear from the juſt reflection made on their conſta conduct and conſtant fate, in the following Epigram:

" Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
" When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
" Alas, depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
" How ſoon ye fade away!

" To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
" Thus empty vapours riſe;
" Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
" That rear'd him to the ſkies.

" Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
" There he ſhall ever burn:
" Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
" And muſt to Earth return.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

THE

) UNCIAD:

BOOK the SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with ıblic Games *and ſports of various kinds; not inſti-* ıted *by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for* ·eater *honour by the* Goddeſs *in perſon (in like* anner *as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were* ıciently *ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as* bctis *herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ.* civ. *propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon* chilles.) *Hither flock the Poets and Critics attended,* is *but juſt, with their Patrons and Bookſellers.* he *Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe* mes *to the* Bookſellers, *and ſetteth up the Phan-* n *of a Poet, which they contend to overtake.*

The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poeteſs. *Then follow the Exerciſes for the* Poets *of* tickling, vociferating, diving: *The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of* Dedicators, *the ſecond of* Diſputants *and* fuſtian Poets, *the third of* profound, dark, *and* dirty Party-writers. *Laſtly, for the* Critics, *the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an Exerciſe not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in* verſe, *and the other in* proſe, *deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operation, are here ſet forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.*

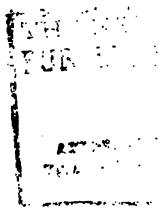

Plate XII.
Vol. V. fac

BOOK II.

GH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far out-ſhone,
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,

REMARKS.

) things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the
is of all verbal criticiſm is founded and ſupported:
t, that an Author could never fail to uſe the *beſt word*
y occaſion; the ſecond, that a Critic cannot chuſe
w *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any
ith not fully content us, we take upon us to cenſure,
it the author could *never have uſed it*; and, ſecondly,
muſt have uſed *that very one*, which we conjecture, in

annot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scribleru.
lteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the pre-
ook, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:
Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave king Log.
with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets;
hoarſe to the nation, and loud to the thunder: And
ig evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo
s to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the
it of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all
ommentators.

. 2. *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſu-
ed a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered

IMITATIONS.

. 1. *High on a gorgeous ſeat*] Parody of Milton, book ii.
gh on a throne of royal ſtate, that far
itſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
ow'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
tan exalted ſate.—

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden ſhow'rs,

REMARKS.

with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inſcription, *The Primitive Euchariſt.* See the hiſtory of this perſon, book iii.

Ibid. *or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,*] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne;—ἐπὶ θρόνου τινὸς ὑψηλοῦ μάλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς. Themiſtius, Orat. i.

VER. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the public pours,*] Edmund Curl ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March 1727-8. "This (ſaith Edmund Curl) is a falſe Aſſertion—I "had indeed the corporal puniſhment of what the Gentlemen "of the long Robe are pleaſed jocoſely to call *mounting the "Roſtrum* for one hour: but that ſcene of action was not in "the month of *March*, but in *February*." [*Curliad*, 12mo p. 19.] And of *the Hiſtory of his being toſt in a Blanket*, he ſaith, Here, "*Scriblerus!* thou leeſeth in what thou aſſerteſt con-"cerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*." p. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. *Cibber* remonſtrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not *Brazen*, but *Blocks*; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationſhip.

We ſhould think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well *our own errors* now, as formerly thoſe of the *Printer*. Since what moved us to this Work, was ſolely the Love of *Truth*, not in the leaſt any Vain-

at Cibber ſate: the proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
: conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
: on his look: All eyes direct their rays
him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze;
Peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
v edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
rom the Sun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns
v'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their horns.
ſot with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
h ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
ae in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
on'd on ſeven hills, the Antichriſt of wit.

REMARKS.

', or Deſire to contend with *Great Authors*. And further, Miſtakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as e poſſible to be avoided in writing of ſuch Perſons and ks as do ever ſhun the Light. However, that we may ny way ſoften or extenuate the ſame, we give them in the very Words of our Antagoniſts: not defending, etracting them from our heart, and craving excuſe of 'arties offended: For ſurely in this Work, it hath been e all things our deſire, *to provoke no Man*. SCRIBL.

ER. 15. *Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit.*] Camillo Querno of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which K. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his , and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called ias. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted e honour of the *Laurel*; a jeſt which the court of Rome he Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſti- n his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet him-

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers high heroic Games.
They ſummon all her Race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motly mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
But now (ſo ANNE and piety ordain)
A Church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory and gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.

REMARKS.

ſelf was ſo tranſported as to *weep for joy* [a]. He was ever a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundant and poured forth verſes without number. PAULUS JOVI Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetr given by Fam. Strada, in his Proluſions.

VER. 34. *And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.*] This ſp of mirth called a *joke*, ariſing from a *Mal-entendu* may be ſuppoſed to be the delight of *Dulneſs*.

[a] See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
d bade the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
velve ſtarv'ling bards of theſe degen'rate days.
l as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
e form'd this image of well-body'd air;
ith pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well it's head;
brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;

REMARKS.

VER. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead*;] i. e. *A trifling head*, and *a contracted heart*, the poet, book iv. deſcribes the *accompliſhed* Sons of Dulneſs; whom this is only an *Image*, or Scarecrow, and ſo ſtuffed it with theſe correſponding materials. SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *A Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes*,] This is hat Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.

Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *ſine viribus umbram*
In faciem Æneæ (viſu mirabile monſtrum!)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimilat capitis—
——Dat *inania verba*,
Dat *fine mente ſonum*—

he reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit ith their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There ems to me a great propriety in this Epiſode, where ſuch an ne is imaged by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the rpecting Bookſeller.

VER. 39. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe.*]
Vix illud lecti bis ſex----
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus. Vir. Æn. xii.

And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, ſo juſt a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtier's ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

REMARKS.

VER. 47. *Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of *Dulneſs* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſh'd his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

VER. 50. *and call'd the phantom More,*] CURL, in his key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-More Smith eſq. and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the *Teſtimonies*) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) do not expoſe me, I did it for mere want; be ſo good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cry'd out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is ſtealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrow'd of Dr. *Arbuthnot* a paper called an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the *South-Sea*; and of Mr. *Pope* the Memoirs of a Pariſh Clark, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. *Young*,---*F. Billers*, Eſq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope*'s Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems, he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his

ze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.

REMARKS.

; by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing
ily Journal of *April* 3, 1728.) "That the contempt
e and others had for thoſe pieces (which only him-
ſhewn, and handed about as his own) occaſioned
ing loſt, and for that cauſe only not return'd." A
ich as none but he could be conſcious, none but he
he publiſher of it. The plagiariſms of this perſon
ion to the following Epigram:

ore always ſmiles whenever he recites;
: ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
id yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
modeſt man may like what's not his own.

g Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate
o be thought a Wit. Here is a very ſtrong inſtance
y Mr. *Savage*, ſon of the late Earl *Rivers*; who
wn ſome verſes of his in manuſcript to Mr. *More*,
Ir. *Pope* was called *firſt of the tuneful train*, Mr.
ext morning ſent to Mr. *Savage* to deſire him to
verſes another turn, to wit, "That *Pope* might
: the *firſt*, becauſe *More* had left him unrival'd, in
; his ſtyle to Comedy." This was during the re-
: the *Rival Modes*, his firſt and only work; the
demned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7,
modeſt Motto,

Hic ceſtus, artemque repono.

er pieces which we have heard attributed to this
re, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr.
Amelia, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c. The Mock-
of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parſon, by Dr.
ſawpit, a Simile, by a *Friend*. Certain Phyſical
i Sir *James Baker*; and ſome unown'd Letters,
ments, and Epigrams againſt our author in the
rnal.

But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe :
" This prize is mine ; who tempt it are m
" With me began this genius, and ſhall e
He ſpoke : and who with Lintot ſhall cont
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaugh
Stood dauntleſs Curl ; " Behold that rival

REMARKS.

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of imagin'd by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we c that opinion ; ſince our Poet had certainly no r dicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf, which had done for him ; ſince the name itſelf is not ſ but *More* ; and laſtly, ſince the learned *Scrib.erus* proved the contrary.

VER. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. μωρος, *ſtultus*; μωρία, *ſtultitia*, to repreſe t the foll giary. Thus Eraſmus, *Admonuit me* Mori *cognom tam ad* Moriæ *vocabulum accedit quam es ipſe a re a* dication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More ; of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *I et moriam tuam gnæviter defende.* Adieu, More ! a ſtrongly to defend thy own folly.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon of the Bookſellers : Perſons, whoſe names being n and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. T Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, r this manner to lay hold on a *Bull.* This eminent printed the *Rival Modes* before-mentioned.

VER. 58. *Stood dauntleſs Curl ;*] We come nov racter of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of the only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the T lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at ; was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion.

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
" So take the hindmoſt, Hell, (he ſaid) and run."

REMARKS.

ſeſſed himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is *favoured of the Gods*; he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once inſtructive and prophetical: After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curl ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being firſt threatned, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours ſince

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *So take the hindmoſt, Hell,*]
Occupet extremum ſcabies; mihi turpe relinqui eſt.
Hor. de Arte.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtrip't the wind
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.

REMARKS.

received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenh
"that any one ſhall be, at ſome time or other, the bette
"the worſe, for having but *ſeen* or *ſpoken* to a good or
"man."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 61. *&c.* Something like this is in Homer, Il. 10.
220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the ſame au
in his ſimilies are alſo imitated in the two following; the fi
of the Bailiff, is ſhort, unadorned, and (as the Critics
know) from *familiar life*; the ſecond of the Water-ſo
more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 5
verſe is likewiſe a literal tranſlation of one in Homer.

VER. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and h*
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,]

---- So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtreight, rough, denſe, or r
With head, hands, wings, or feet purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
Milton, Book

VER. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his ſta*
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.]

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

----- rows
His ſtate with cary feet.

And Dryden, of another's---*With two left legs*

Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop,)
Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:

REMARKS.

VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it ſeems, was taken y one Mrs. T---, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. 'ope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwel, and ſold them rithout the conſent of either of thoſe Gentlemen to Curl, rho printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be ie publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this oppor- unity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got broad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial hings, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of ien and books, and only excuſable from the youth and in- xperience of the writer.

Ver. 75. *Obſcene with filth, etc.*] Though this incident may eem too low and baſe for the dignity of an Epic poem, the earned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and 'irgil; the very words ὄνθος; and *fimus* are uſed by them, tho' ur poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably en-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide;*]
Labitur infelix, cæſis ut forte juvencis
Fuſus humum viridesque ſuper madefecerat herbas---
Concidit, immundoque ſimo, ſacroque cruore.
Virg. Æn. v. of Niſus.

VER. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]
---Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret. Virg. Ecl. vi.

Then firſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
Hear Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adc
As much at leaſt as any God's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arm:
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſea:
Where from Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.

REMARKS.

riched and coloured his language, as well as raiſed the cation, in this Epiſode, and in the following one of Mr. Dryden, in *Mac-Flecknoe*, has not ſcrupled to ment *Morning Toaſt* at which the fiſhes bite in the Thames, *Alley*, *Relicts of the Bum*, &c. but our author is mo e and (as a fine writer ſays of Virgil in his Georgics) *to* his Dung *with an air of Majeſty*. If we conſider that erciſes of his *Authors* could with juſtice be no highe *tickling*, *chattering*, *braying*, or *diving*, it was no eaſy m invent ſuch games as were proportioned to the meaner of *Bookſellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Niſus, t ſons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes*; whereas here t ſuch with whom it had been great impropriety to have any but vile ideas; beſides the natural connection between Libellers and common Nuſances. Neverth have heard our author own, that this part of his Poe (as it frequently happens) what coſt him moſt trou pleaſed him leaſt; but that he hoped it it was exc ſince levelled at ſuch as underſtand no delicate ſatire the politeſt men are ſometimes obliged to *ſwear*, whe happen to have to do with porters and oyſter wenche

IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas*
Orbe locus medio eſt, inter terraſque, freturnque
Cœleſteſque plagas ---- Ovid. M

There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervants call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Lift'ning delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

REMARKS.

VER. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.*] The Bible, Curl's ſign: the Croſs keys, Lintot's.

VER. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.

VER. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad. v.

---ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα Θεοῖο,
Ἰχὼρ, οἷός περ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν.

A ſtream of nect'rous humour iſſuing flow'd,
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſp'rits may bleed. Milton.

VER. 93. *Cloacina.*] The Roman Goddeſs of the common-ſewers.

VER. 101. *Where as he fiſh'd, etc.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vig'rous he riſes; from th' effluvia ſtrong
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Re-paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.

And now the victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, ſonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whiſk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

REMARKS.

VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments uſed by witches to enable them to fly in the air, *etc.*

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VER. 108. *Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face*]

----- faciam oſtentabat, & udo
Turpia membra fimo ----- Virg. Æn. v.

VER. 111. *A ſhapeleſs ſhade, etc.*]

----- Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomno. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 114. *His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;*]

Carmina - --
Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

VER. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of thoſe perſons, whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had owned. See Note on ver. 50.

Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpay'd taylor ſnatch'd away.
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grubſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.

REMARKS.

VER. 118. *an unpay'd taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in Miſt, June 8, Dedic. to Sawny and other 8, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the *poverty of Poets:* But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt be on a bad *paymaſter*, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as *non-payment*; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himſelf was not in debt, it was "becauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

VER. 124. *like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior*;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.—Bezaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—"Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P---. Capt. Breval "was author of the Confederates, an ingenious dramatic "performance to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and "ſome ladies of quality," ſays CURL, Key, p. 11.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*,] Bookſellers and Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

Curl ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down
And turn this whole illuſion on the town:
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd Jade;
(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Dutcheſſes and Lady Maries;

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VER. 126. *Breval, Bond, Bezaleel.*] I foreſee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our aſſertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, ſince thoſe perſons are equally repreſented by the poet as phantoms. So at firſt it may ſeem; but be not deceived, reader; theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but the ſaid Curl firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay; is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on our poet: But where is ſuch a ſatire to be found; where was ſuch a writer ever heard of? As for Bezaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend upon it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

VER. 128. *Joſeph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's.--The ambiguity of the word *Joſeph*, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper coat, gives much pleaſantry to the idea. W.

VER. 132. *And turn this whole illuſion on the town:*] It was a common practice of this bookſeller to publiſh vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of eminent authors.

ıe, my ſtationer! this magic gift;
hall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
l each hoſtile name become our own,
e too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon. 140

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137. — *this magic gift*] In verity (ſaith *Scriblerus)* ıungling trick. How much better might our worthy ı of Grubſtreet be taught (as in many things they eady been) by the modern maſters of Polemics? ıen they make free with their neighbours, ſeize upon *od works* rather than their *good name*; as knowing ſe will produce a *name* of their own.

138. *Cook ſhall be Pr.or,*] The man here ſpecified thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Philips lſted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly He alſo publiſhed ſome malevolent things in the London, and Daily Journals; and at the ſame time ːtters to Mr. Pope, proteſting his Innocence. His ɔrk was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald ːes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

138. *and Concanen, Swift:*] In the firſt edition of ːm there were only aſteriſks in this place, but the vere ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and ː to the ear of the reader.

140. *And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.*] Nothing remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir ːwton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. e, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addiſon; in a word, almoſt every his time that deſerved it; even Cibber himſelf (pre- him to be the author of the Careleſs Huſband.) It ʏ difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on this yet he has found means to inſert their panegyric, made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to ce- Dr. Garth; both as his conſtant friend, and as he

With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

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was his predeceſſor in this kind of ſatire. The Diſp
attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much
uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets;
truth this can be a body, of which no two membe
agreed. It alſo did, what Mr. Theobald ſays is unp
able, drew in *parts* of *private character*, and introduc
ſons independent of his ſubject. Much more would
have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whate
all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is
feared, would have been more immediately his co
But certainly next to commending good writers, the g
ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can on
way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very
forth in theſe lines addreſſed to our author.

" The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
" (Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
" Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw
" To ſhow us which way blows the wind

" Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point inſtruction ev'ry way.

" With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive
" One potent drop let this but ſhed,
" And ev'ry Rogue that ſtunk alive,
" Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

VER. 142. *rueful length of face.*)] " The decrepid p
" figure of a man are no reflections upon his *Ge*
" honeſt mind will love and eſteem a *man of worth*,
" be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the
" hath libelled a perſon for his *rueful length of face!*"
Journal, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*,

ſhaggy Tap'ſtry, worthy to be ſpread,
n Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

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honeſt mind ſhould *love*, is Mr. Curl. True it *is*, he ſtood the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of y man, tho' it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no re-ction on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to the fections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith cellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occaſioned by calamities and diſeaſes, which a man can no more help than a monſter can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one diſeaſe, but what all the reſt of mankind are ſubject to.—But the deformity of this *Author* is viſible, preſent, laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to himſelf. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we ſhould hold no ſociety with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our ſpecies: and they who have refuſed to take this warning which God and nature has given them, and have, in ſpite of it, by a ſenſeleſs preſumption ventured to be familiar with him, have ſeverely ſuffered, *&c.* 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," *&c.* DENNIS, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716. Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, 33. "That the language of Billingſgate can never be the language of charity, nor conſequently of Chriſtianity." I ould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a Critic; for hat is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold is author thus portrayed? Yet I conſider it really hurts

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VER. 114, 142.——*piteous of his caſe,*
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face.)]
-------Riſit pater optimus illi.—
Me liceat caſum miſereri inſontis amici--
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c.
Virg Æn. v.

Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure,

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not *him*; whereas to call others dull, might do them preju dice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, thoug Mr. D. may call another a *little aſs* or a *young toad*, far be i from us to call him a *toothleſs lion* or an *old ſerpent*. Indeed had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in th learned language, I might have given him the appellation of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *ſcurra in triviis*, being phraſe in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned But in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to th vulgar intelligible; whereby chriſtian charity, decency, an good accord among authors, might be preſerved. SCRIBL

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminentl ſhews his humanity. But it was far otherwiſe with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable Verſes:

"While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celeſtial fire;
"While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth aſſail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"Theſe times tho' many a Friend bewail,
"Theſe times bewail not I.

"But when the World's loud praiſe is thine,
"And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
"When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
"In one eſtabliſh'd fame:

eſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
. Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.

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" When none ſhall rail, and ev'ry lay
" Devote a wreath to thee;
" That day (for come it will) that day
" Shall I lament to ſee.

ER. 143. *A ſhaggy Tap'ſtry,*] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry ıent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; that which is ſpoken of by Donne---*Faces as frightful as s whip Chriſt in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it les to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

ER. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Co- the poet's bed, ſee Juvenal, deſcribing his *poverty* very ouſly, Sat. iii. ver. 103, *&c.*

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head fix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd;
And to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, caſt from honeſt clay.
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd,
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verſe luxurioufly were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt. Dryden.

Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertiſe- nts, *&c.* to the author of the Dunciad, aſſures us, "that Juvenal never ſatirized the Poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcrib- ; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome mi- lers of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the hop of Peterborough, *&c.*

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!

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VER. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge*] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying-poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

VER. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies.*] The hiſtory of Curl's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcell.

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VER. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,*]

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
Conſtitit, & lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris? Virg. Æn. i.

VER. 156. *And the freſh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on theſe lines of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
'wo babes of love close clinging to her waist;
air as before her works she stands confess'd,
1 flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

REMARKS.

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game expos'd, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate entiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal e faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public me, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet y the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off e Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath own his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of ic poesy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood*; this woman was authoress of those ost scandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the w Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, Key, p. 22. t whatever reflection he is pleas'd to throw upon this dy, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who d celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, d declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the *sweetness of his disposition*, and that *tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures*; that, though she should find the *little inadvertencies* of her *own life* recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, ist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of is Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, ith her picture thus dressed up before them.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist*;]
Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati.
Virg. Æn. v.

The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far ſtreaming to the ſky;
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not inglorioufly, at home."
Oſborne and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife,
(Tho' this his Son diſſuades, and that his Wife.)

REMARKS.

VER. 167. *Oſborne, Thomas*] A Bookſeller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs deſerving predeceſſor. This man publiſh'd advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's Subſcription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which books he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy muſt it be to a Writer to be

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VER. 163. ———*yon Juno* ———
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In alluſion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

VER. 165. *This China Jordan*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito. Virg. Æn. vi.

In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are ſet together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is juſtly diſpleaſed. Mrs. H. is here treated with diſtinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

iis manly confidence relies,
iis vigour and ſuperior ſize.
orne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt;
and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
s bright bow diſplays its wat'ry round,
n, that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd)
l effort brought but new diſgrace,
l Meander waſh'd the Artiſt's face:

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appy as to ſee his works hawked for ſale in a man-
fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourſelf,
ſtice to your Subſcribers, can this be done? What
gratitude to be charged on the *Only honeſt poet* that
n 1738! and than whom *Virtus* has not had a
Trumpeter for many ages! That you were once
'y admired and eſteemed can be denied by none; but
ou and your works are now deſpiſed, is verified by
?" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed much
ne Author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement on the
r.

IMITATIONS.

169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour]
—melior motu, fretuſque juventa;
membris & mole valens. Virg. Æn. v.

173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow------*
(Sure ſign,------
ds of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in Iliad xi.
——ὣς τε Κρονίων
ν νέφεϊ στήριξε, τέρας μεροπήσιν ἀνθρώποις.
e fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nües, pour être
s les âges une ſigne à tous les mortels. Dacier.

Thus the ſmall jett, which haſty hands unloc
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cc
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curl; impetuous ſpre
The ſtream, and ſmoking ſlouriſh'd o'er his l
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted t
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.

REMARKS.

VER. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exa*
In a manuſcript Dunciad (where are ſome marg
reflions of ſome gentlemen ſome time deceaſed) I h
another reading of theſe lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flc
His rapid waters in their paſſage *glow*.

This I cannot but think the right: For firſt, th
difference between *burn* and *glow* may ſeem not v
rial to others, to me I confeſs the latter has an el
je ne ſçay quoy, which is much eaſier to be conceive

IMITATIONS.

VER. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence*
Eridanus]

Virgil mentions theſe two qualifications of Eridanus,

Et gemina auratus taurino *cornua* vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis.

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowe
the ſkies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer currents loſt
Thy nobler ſtream ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars, and bathe the God

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-ſmiling, lead'ſt away.

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plained. Secondly, every reader of our poet muſt have obſerved how frequently he uſes this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To inſtance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one reſentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompaſs'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

VER. 187. *The high-wrought day,*] Some affirm, this was originally, *well p---ſt day*; but the Poet's decency would not ſuffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifeſts great anger; he exclaims againſt all ſuch *conjectural Emendations* in this manner:

Oſborne, thro' perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented hor
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtar
His honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſt
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous taſk commence,
And, inſtant, fancy feels th' imputed ſenſe;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our Operas:

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" Let it ſuffice, O Pallas! that every noble Antient, (
" *Roman*, hath ſuffered the impertinent correction o
" *Dutch*, *German*, and *Switz* Schoolmaſter! Let our
" at leaſt eſcape, whoſe intrinſic is ſcarce of marble ſ
" as not to be impaired or ſoiled by ſuch rude an
" hands. Suffer them to call their works their ow
" after death at leaſt to find reſt and ſanctuary from
" When theſe men have ceas'd to *rail*, let them no
" to do worſe, to *comment!* Let them not conjectu
" nonſenſe, correct out of all correctneſs, and reſto
" obſcurity and confuſion. Miſerable fate! which
" fal only the ſprightlieſt wits that have written, a
" befal them only from ſuch dull ones as could never

VER. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and
of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by

Bentley his mouth with claſſic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

VER. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Hallifax, but (on a change of the Miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley. A taſte of his *Claſſic Elocution* may be ſeen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *O Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentiſſimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar*, adorare! *O ingens* Reipublicæ *noſtræ columen! O fortunatam tanto* Heroe *Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro* DEUM *per* Omnia *adfuiſſe, manumque ejus & mentem direxiſſe* CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus *enim* Unius *ferme opera*, æquiſſimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, *diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impoſitum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria digniſſimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit*, Pacem*que diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ reſtituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) tranſlated:

"Thy Father, that moſt refulgent ſtar of the Anglican "Orb, we much deſire to *adore!* O mighty Column of our "*Republic!* Oh Britain, fortunate in ſuch an *Hero!* That to "ſuch and ſo great a Man GOD was ever preſent, in *every* "*thing*, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, "is a *Moſt Abſolute Certainty!* For it is in a manner by the "operation of this *Man alone*, that we behold a *War* (alas! "how much too long an one!) brought at length to an end, "*on the moſt juſt and moſt honourable Conditions.* O Day eter-"nally to be memorated! wherein all the Terrors of his "Country were ended, and a PEACE (long wiſh'd for by "*almoſt all Europe*) was reſtored by HARLEY, the Love and "Delight of the People of England."

But Welſted moſt the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the firſt Ed.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm, &c.

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But that this Gentleman can write in a different ſty be ſeen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein Noble Lords are treated in a moſt extraordinary la particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abuſed for that very which he here makes the *ſingle work* of the Earl of directed by *God Almighty*.

VER. 207. *Welſted*] Leonard Welſted, author of T umvirate, or a Letter in verſe from Palæmon to Celia which was meant for a ſatire of Mr. P. and ſome of his about the year 1718. He writ other things which we remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphoſis of Sci mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creat* there was another in praiſe either of a Cellar, or a L. W. characterized in the treatiſe Περὶ Βάθους, or the Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is ſaic this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11 He was alſo characterized under another animal, a M the author of the enſuing Simile, which was hande at the ſame time:

" Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
" That painful animal, a Mole:
" Above ground never born to grow;
" What mighty ſtir it keeps below?
" To make a Mole-hill all this ſtrife!
" It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
" How proud a little dirt to ſpread;
" Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
" 'Till lab'ring on for want of eyes,
" It blunders into Light and dies.

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his large refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her ſiſter ſends, her vot'reſs, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to diff'rent ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh ev'ry heart,
With Shakeſpear's nature, or with Johnſon's art,

REMARKS.

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus*, &c.] The ſatire of his Epiſode being levelled at the baſe flatteries of authors to worthleſs wealth or greatneſs, concludes here with an excellent leſſon to ſuch men: That altho' their pens and praiſes were as exquiſite as they conceit of themſelves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who ſerveth the paſſions, or pimpeth to the pleaſures, of ſuch

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VER. 223, 225. *To move, to raiſe*, &c.
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake, &c.]

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes-----

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chatt'ring ſhames the Monkey tribe:
And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſe
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.

Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,

REMARKS.

vain, braggart, puft Nobility, ſhall with thoſe patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBL.

VER. 226. *With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is more advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy, of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, "'Sdeath! that "is *my* Thunder."

VER. 228.---*with a tolling bell*;] a mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuſeful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

VER. 231. *Three Cat-calls*] Certain muſical inſtruments uſed by one ſort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

VER. 238. *Norton,*] See ver. 417 --*J. Durant Breval*, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the gild awake;
Sore ſighs ſir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So ſwells each wind-pipe; Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High Sound, attemp'red to the vocal noſe;
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield thine.

REMARKS.

VER. 238. *Webſter—and Whitefield*] The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a Field-

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VER. 243. *A Cat-call each ſhall win, &c.*]
Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic---- Virg. Ecl. iii.

VER. 247. *As when the, etc.*] A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

But far o'er all, ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nam fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

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preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Re
was by the New-birth of ſpiritual madneſs: That by th
death of fire and faggot: And therefore they agreed in
though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober C
From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary pe
we may learn how little hurtful *Bigotry* and *Enthuſiaſ*
while the Civil Magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his
to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the ot

IMITATIONS.

VER. 260. *Bray back to him again.*] A figure of
taken from Virgil:

Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Geo

He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again. Cc

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much
word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by appl
to the ſound of *Armour*, *War*, *etc.* In imitation of hin
ſtrengthned by his authority, our author has here ad
it into Heroic poetry.

VER. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze*

Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca. Virg. E

The progreſs of the ſound from place to place, and the ſ
here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Cha
lane, the Thames, Weſtminſter-hall, and Hungerford
are imitated from Virgil, Æn. vii. on the ſounding th
of Alecto:

Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fonteſque Velini, &c.

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

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VER. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorouſly allegorized in theſe lines.

VER. 268. *Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.*] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the *everlaſting Blackmore*. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, that "this "admirable author did not think himſelf upon the *ſame foot* "with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 165.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who ſays, "Sir Richard Blackmore is un- "fortunate in happening to miſtake his proper talents; and "that he has not for many years been *ſo much as named*, or "even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *Action* "(ſaith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor "univerſality; and conſequently he can have no *Fable*, and no "*Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, "nor wonderful; his characters have none of the neceſſary "qualifications; the things contained in his narration are nei- "ther in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough,

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end)

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" nor rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurpriſing, nor pathetic."—
he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has *no Genius*; firſ
ing down, that " Genius is cauſed by a *furious joy and p*
" *ſoul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary Hint*.
" Men (ſays he) have their *Hints*, without theſe motio
" *fury* and *pride of ſoul*, becauſe they want fire enou
" agitate their ſpirits; and theſe we call cold writers. (
" who have a great deal of fire, but have not excelle
" gans, feel the forementioned *motions*, without the *extr*
" *nary hints*; and theſe we call ſuſtian writers. But I
" clares that Sir Richard had neither the *Hints*, nor th
" *tions*." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character
Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in
high and ſober terms of profaneneſs and immorality (Eſſ
Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from
Curl, that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm
Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of
Sir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which
very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. " It was he wh
" leſqued the Pſalm of David. It is *apparent* to me that
" was burleſqued by a *Popiſh rhymeſter*. Let rhyming p
" who have been brought up *Proteſtants* be otherwiſe
" they will, let them be rakes, let them be ſcoundre
" them be *Atheiſts*, yet education has made an invincib
" preſſion on them in behalf of the ſacred writings.
" *Popiſh rhymeſter* has been brought up with a contem
" thoſe ſacred writings; now ſhew me another *Popiſh rh*
" but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual wi
Dennis; he has employed the ſame againſt Sir Richard hi
in a like charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. " All Mr. P
" more's celeſtial Machines, as they cannot be defen
" much as by common received opinion, ſo are they d
" contrary to the doctrine of the church of England;

here Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
King of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
:re ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
:re prove who beſt can daſh thro' thick and thin,

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ble deſcent of an Angel muſt be a miracle. Now it is
doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had
ſed a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world.
w if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as
are obliged to believe, then are all the celeſtial machines
Prince Arthur unſufferable, as wanting not only human,
t divine probability. But if the machines are ſufferable,
it is, if they have ſo much as divine probability, then it
lows of neceſſity that the doctrine of the Church is falſe.
I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to conſider,"
Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

R. 270. *(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end.]* It is
een eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſer-
that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell—This is to
punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the cir-
tance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the Labourers
er: our author by one very proper both to the *Perſons* and
cene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in
vening of the Lord-mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in
nights; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand,
ce along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by Bookſellers)
they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and laſtly
Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

IMITATIONS.

ER. 273. *The king of dykes! &c.]*
Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
----quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis. Virg.

" And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
" Or dark dexterity of groping well.
" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes arou
" The ſtream, be his the weekly Journals boun
" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt;
" A peck of coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And Milo-like ſurveys his arms and hands;

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VER. 276, 277, 278.--*daſh thro' thick and thin---love of ---dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of P writers: to ſtick at nothing, to delight in ſlinging dirt, to ſlander in the dark by gueſs.

VER. 280. *the weekly Journals*] Papers of news and ſca intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſ ing from one ſide to the other, called the London Jou Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed write which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, C canen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

VER. 282. " *A peck of coals apiece*] Our indulgent P whenever he has ſpoken of any dirty or low work, conſta puts us in mind of the *overty* of the offenders, as the c extenuation of ſuch practices. Let any one but remark, w a Thief, a Pick-pocket, an Highwayman, or a Knight of poſt are ſpoken of, how much our hate to thoſe charac is leſſened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, *hungry* Highwayman, a *ſtarving* Knight of the poſt, *etc.*

VER. 283. *In naked Majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,*] Mr. Jo OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient Critic of Nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe E on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (cal the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain m ter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon him writ that Tatler, N° 43. which ſays of his own Simile, th

Then ſighing, thus, " And am I now three-ſcore ?
" Ah, why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four ?

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" 'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." " In " Poetry he was not ſo happy as laborious, and therefore " characteriſed by the Tatler, N° 62. by the name of " *Omicron* the *Unborn Poet*." Curl, Key, p. 13. " He writ " Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry conſiſting of " heroic Epiſtles, *etc.* ſome whereof are very well done," ſaid that great Judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the Hiſtorians in his Collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

VER. 286. " *Ah, why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four ?*"] Very reaſonably doth this ancient Critic complain: Without doubt it was a fault in the Conſtitution of things. For the *World*, as a great writer ſaith, *being given to a man for a ſubject of diſputation*, he might think himſelf mocked with a penu-

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VER. 285. *Then ſighing thus, And am I now threeſcore ? etc.*]
—Fletque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere lacertos. Ovid.

He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.

Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds thro' all the coaſt.

REMARKS.

rious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence thoſe ſupe
maſters of wiſdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reaſonably c
clude that *two and two do not make four.* Scr

But we need not go ſo far, to remark what the Poet p
cipally intended, the abſurdity of complaining of *old*
which muſt neceſſarily happen, as long as we are indul
in our deſires of adding one year to ano her.

VER. 291. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the ſurreptitious editi
this whole Epiſode was applied to an initial letter E---,
whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſ
no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evide
demands a perſon dipp'd in ſcandal, and deeply immerſe
dirty work: whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offen
but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are ta
of nothing elſe in book i. ver. 102. But the perſon here m
tioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſ
rilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 17
in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly wh
volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, c
Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 293. *And call on Smedley loſt; etc.*]

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
Hylas, in vain, reſounds thro' all the coaſt.
Lord Roſcom. Tranſlat. of Virgil's vi[th]

' eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight, 295
i up inſtant, and returns to light:
no tokens of the ſabler ſtreams,
ints far off among the Swans of Thames.
ó the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
ong-winded, native of the deep: 300

VARIATIONS.

:r. 298. in the firſt Edit. followed theſe,
vorſe unhappy D----r ſucceeds,
arch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

95. *Then * eſſay'd,*] A Gentleman of genius and
o was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on
poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as
to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and
ıvectives.

99. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Iriſhman,
: law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to
his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſes him
ıg boaſted of what he had not written, but others
iſed and done for him." He was author of ſeveral
ead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals,
ıper called the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called a
ıt to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our
only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's
which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree ac-
having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe
e of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece
humorouſly cauſed him to take for his motto, *De
amavi*. He was ſince a hired Scribler in the Daily
where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the
;broke, and others; after which this man was ſuc-
romoted to adminiſter Juſtice and Law in Jamaica.

If perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:
No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion can'ſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lal

Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And Monumental Braſs this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! theſe were the Gazetteers

REMARKS.

VER. 306, 307. *With each a ſickly brother at his back of a day, etc.*] Theſe were daily Papers, a number of v to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back o other.

VER. 311. *like Niobe*] See the ſtory in Ovid, Me where the miſerable Petrefaction of this old Lady thetically deſcribed.

VER. 312. *Oſborne*] a name aſſumed by the eldeſt and of theſe writers, who at laſt being aſhamed of his gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to ſuppoſe modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachr affirming theſe Gazetteers not to have lived with

IMITATIONS.

VER. 302. *Not everlaſting Blackmore*]
Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c. Vir

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull, 315
urious he drives, precipitately dull.

REMARKS.

ne of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch
per of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert,
eſe Gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all
e learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this Day.
irely therefore, where the point is ſo obſcure, our author
ght not to be cenſured too raſhly. SCRIBL.

Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scri-
erus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to
rtain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as
common ſink, was received all the traſh, which had been
:fore diſperſed in ſeveral Journals, and circulated at the pub-
: expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure
en: though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from
tateſmen, Courtiers, Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors. The
eaner ſort were rewarded with Money; others with Places
: Benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a year. It ap-
ears from the *Report* of the *Secret Committee* for enquiring into
e Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no leſs than *fifty thou-*
ſand ſeventy-ſeven pounds, eighteen Shillings, were paid to Au-
thors and Printers of News-papers, ſuch as Free Britons,
Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and
other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb.
10, 1741." Which ſhews the Benevolence of one Miniſter
o have expended, for the current dulneſs of ten years in
ritain, double the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much
onour, in annual Penſions to Learned men all over Europe.
n which, and in a much longer time, not a Penſion at Court,
or Preferment in the Church or Univerſities, of any Con-
ideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his
earning ſeparately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics beſtowed
y theſe writers on this great Miniſter, not one is at this day
xtant or remember'd; nor even ſo much credit done to his

Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grac
With holy envy gave one Layman place.

REMARKS.

Perſonal character by all they have written, as by one occaſional compliment of our Author:

Seen him I have; but in his *happier hour*
Of *ſocial pleaſure*, ill exchang'd for *Fow'r!*
Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
Smile without *Art*, and *win* without a *Bribe*.

VER. 315. *Arnall*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an A ney, was a perfect Genius in this ſort of work. He t under twenty with furious Party-papers; then ſucc Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publicati the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give hi due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of practices as his Predeceſſor's. But ſince, by the moſt u ampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great mer Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a nic the Temple of Infamy: Witneſs a paper, called the Free Br a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REP that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, i "ſpace of *four years*, no leſs than *ten thouſand nine hundre "ninety ſeven pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eight pence*, out of "Treaſury." But frequently, thro' his fury or folly, h ceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged honourable Patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

VER. 323. *The plunging Prelate, etc.*] It having been in

Then lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood
ow roſe a form, in majeſty of Mud;
aking the horrors of his ſable brows,
nd each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
reater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares:
hen thus the wonders of the deep declares.
Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
nit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:
ow young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
igrina black, and Merdamante brown,
y'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
s Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.

REMARKS.

ſly inſinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great elate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance power in the *civil* conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to e Scheme of no power at all, in the *religious*; I owe ſo uch to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, at when, a little before his death, I informed him of this ſinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid an, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing mpliment to this very prelate in another part of the em.

VER. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was raviſhed by the water-mphs and drawn into the river. The ſtory is told at large Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil. Ecl. vi.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares:*] irg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl:

----majorque videri,
Nec mortale ſonans—

Then ſung, how ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here riſes from the Shades.
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under ſeas Alpheus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's off'ring to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.

REMARKS.

VER. 338. *A branch of Styx, etc.*]

Οἵ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλιῤῥόον ὕδωρ.
Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἠΰτ' ἔλαιον.
Ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἐστιν ἀποῤῥώξ.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of Dreams in the ſame region, he makes mention, Odyſſ. xxiv. See alſo Lucian's true Hiſtory. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically repreſent the *Stupefaction* and *viſionary Madneſs* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's waters gliding ſecretly under the ſea of Piſa, to mix with thoſe of Arethuſe in Sicily, ſee Moſchus, Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus ſubter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam.

And again, Æn. iii.

-----Alpheum fama eſt huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egiſſe vias ſubter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethuſa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repoſe,
ey led him ſoft; each rev'rend Bard aroſe;
d Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
ve him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.
Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were
" mine,
Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine."
: ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
ie rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
ound him wide a ſable Army ſtand,
low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,

REMARKS.

VER. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the eſt of Critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's gil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own nſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of iting has a great reſemblance with that of the Gentlemen the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the allel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

VER. 355. *Around him wide, &c.*] It is to be hoped that the re in theſe lines will be underſtood in the confined ſenſe in ich the Author meant it, of ſuch only of the Clergy, who, ' ſolemnly engaged in the ſervice of Religion, dedicate them- es for venal and corrupt ends to that of Miniſters of Fac

IMITATIONS.

VER. 347. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine paſtor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Muſæ,
Aſcræo quos ante ſeni---&c.

Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiſs, who fight for any God, or Man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-kno
Fleet
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet,
'Till ſhow'rs of Sermons, Characters, Eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds repleniſh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.
Here ſtopt the Goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.

REMARKS.

tions; and tho' educated under an entire ignorance of
world, aſpire to interfere in the government of it, and
ſequently, to diſturb and diſorder it; in which they fall
only of their Predeceſſors when inveſted with a larger ſha
power and authority, which they employed indifferently
is hinted at in the lines above) either in ſupporting arbit
power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vice
Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corr
ing religion by ſuperſtition, or betraying it by libertiniſm
either was thought beſt to ſerve the ends of policy, or ſa
the follies of the Great.

VER. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] "King Lud repairing
"City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the ſa
"gate which he built in the weſt part, he likewiſe for
"own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260. this
"was beautified with images of Lud and other Kings. T
"images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads ſmi
"off, and were otherwiſe defaced by unadviſed folks. Q
"Mary did ſet new heads upon their old bodies again.
"28th of Queen Elizabeth the ſame gate was clean ta
"down, and newly and beautifully builded, with image
"Lud and others, as afore." *Stow*'s Survey of Londor

" Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales
I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails;
Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
My H—ly's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our ampleſt pow'rs to ſit
Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
he ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
ach prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
nd ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.
he pond'rous books two gentle readers bring!
he heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.

REMARKS.

VER. 374. See Hom. Odyſſ. xii. Ovid. Met. i.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 380, 381. *The ſame their talents—Each prompt*, &c.]
Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & reſpondere parati. Virg. Ecl. vi.

VER. 382. *And ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.*]
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong— — Milton.

VER. 384. *The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.*]
Conſedere duces, & vulgi ſtante corona. Ovid. Met. xiii.

The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, and now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.

REMARKS.

VER. 388. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page,* &c.] "these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness with wh "they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a p "tical ear, to read them without perceiving the heavin "that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it descril "The simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to "subject;" says an Enemy, in his Essay on the Dunc p. 21.

VER. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written s "excellent Epilogues to plays, and *one small* piece on L "which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii 289. But this gentleman since made himself much m eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Sta men of all parties, as well as to the Courts of Law in nation.

and and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
ſilent bow'd to *Chriſt's No kingdom here.* 400
o ſat the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
ɔt firſt; the diſtant nodded to the hum.
:n down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er 'em lies
h gentle clerk, and mutt'ring ſeals his eyes.
what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
: circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;

VARIATIONS.

ER. 399. in the firſt Edit. it was,
Collins and Tindal, prompt at Prieſts to jeer.

REMARKS.

ER. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two perſons, not ſo happy o be obſcure, who writ againſt the Religion of their ıtry. *Toland*, the Author of the Atheiſt's liturgy, called *heiſticon*, was a ſpy, in pay, to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* author of the *Rights of the Chriſtian Church*, and *Chriſtia- as old as the Creation.* He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet ıſt Earl S—, which was ſuppreſſed, while yet in MS. by minent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ed it expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards iſhed the ſame piece, *mutatis mutandis*, againſt that very on.

ER. 400. *Chriſt's No kingdom,* &c.] This is ſaid by Curl, to Dunc. to allude to a ſermon of a reverend Biſhop.

ER. 405. *As what a Dutchman,* &c.] It is a common and ſh miſtake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and cele- ed paſſage is a ridicule of that paſſage. The reader there- if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own me Similitude in the Eſſay on Man, Ep. iv.

As the ſmall pebble, *&c.*

vill any body therefore ſuſpect the one to be a ridicule of

What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads.*
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 413. in the firſt Edit. it was,
T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
Nor *** talk'd nor S— whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody when the image is transferred from one ſubject to an and the ſubject is not a *poem burleſqued* (which Scri hopes the reader will diſtinguiſh from a *burleſque poem*, the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *im* Thus, for inſtance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breaſt,

it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his a but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be ſaid to e our Author's parodies (a figure that has always a good ſn a mock epic poem) either from profane or ſacred w

VER. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.)

IMITATIONS.

VER. 410. *O'er all the ſea of heads.*]

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Blackm

n, from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung, 415
l with his father's front, and mother's tongue,

REMARKS.

s ſeven years old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Homer, before he began it.

. 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*] 'er, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Col-, *&c.*—William Law A. M. wrote with great zeal the Stage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great s ooks were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that Playhouſe is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar ſure of the Devil; where all they who go, yield to Devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among ls; and all who are there are hearing Muſic in the Porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that re is every jot as much difference between a true , and one made by a Poetaſter, as between *two re- s books*, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*." Then he de- ates, that "All thoſe who had written againſt the e were *Jacobites* and *Non-jurors*; and did it always at ne when ſomething was to be done for the *Pretender*. Collier publiſhed his Short View when France de- d for the Chevalier; and his Diſſuaſive, juſt at the *ſtorm*, when the devaſtation which that hurricane ght, had amazed and aſtoniſhed the minds of men, made them obnoxious to melancholy and deſponding ghts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the upon the great preparations he heard were making d, and which the *Jacobites* flattered themſelves were ned in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Se- Remonſtrance, tho' I know nothing of the time of ning it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerſet-houſe, or upon *ate rebellion*." DENNIS, Stage defended againſt Mr. . ult. The ſame Mr. Law is Author of a book, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or diſbelieve the truth of ſ*' in which he has detailed a Syſtem of the rankeſt

Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head;
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing, what bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumb'ring viſit, and convey to ſtews;
Who prouder march'd with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink:

REMARKS.

Spinoziſm, for the moſt exalted Theology; and an other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Newton ſtole the principles of his philoſophy from one *Behman*, a German Cobler.

VER. 414. *Morgan*] A writer againſt Religion, diſtingu no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pouſneſs of his Title; for having ſtolen his Morality Tindal, and his Philoſophy from Spinoſa, he calls hi by the courteſy of England, a *Moral Philoſopher*.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] This writer, who prided himſelf as in the reputation of an *Immoral Philoſopher*, was author famous book called *the Fable of the Bees*; written to p that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Chr Virtue the Impoſition of fools; and that Vice is nec and alone ſufficient to render Society flouriſhing. and h

VER. 415. *Norton*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the fa Daniel, *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had for the honour to be abuſed with his betters; and of many ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his

IMITATIONS.

VER. 4·8. *And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead*] ludes to Dryden's verſe in the Indian Emperor:

All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead.

While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

REMARKS.

VER. 426. *And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink:*] his line preſents us with an excellent moral, that we are ever to paſs judgment merely by *appearances*; a leſſon to l men, who may happen to ſee a reverend Perſon in the ke ſituation, not to determine too raſhly: ſince not only e Poets frequently deſcribe a Bard inſpired in this poſture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inſpir'd,

nd the like) but an eminent Caſuiſt tells us, that "if a Prieſt be ſeen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of ſight, or illuſion of the Devil, who ſometimes takes upon him the ſhape of holy men on purpoſe to cauſe ſcandal."

VER. 427. *Fleet*] A priſon for inſolvent Debtors on the ank of the Ditch.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD

BOOK the THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

After the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap, as a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſes all Viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhades, *where, on the banks of* Lethe, *the ſouls of the dead are dipped by* Bavius, *before their entrance into the world. There he is met by the ghoſt of* Settle, *by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a* Mount of Viſion,

he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire neſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: all a part of the world was ever conquered by how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and ry nations again reduced to her dominion. Then iſhing the Iſland of Great Britain, *ſhews by ills, by what perſons, and by what degrees it brought to her Empire. Some of the perſons he o paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each proper figure, character, and qualifications. On n the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of mira- d prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and un- to the King himſelf, 'till they are explained to wonders of his own reign now commencing. is ſubject* Settle *breaks into a congratulation, unmixed with concern, that his own times ut the types of theſe. He propheſies how firſt tion ſhall be over-run with* Farces, Operas, ows; *how the Throne of Dulneſs ſhall be ad- over the* Theatres, *and ſet up even at* Court: *ow her Sons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of* Arts iences: *giving a glympſe, or Piſgah-ſight of ture Fulneſs of her Glory, the accompliſhment f is the ſubject of the fourth and laſt book.*

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtains round with Vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the ſeat of Senſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reaſon know.
Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:

REMARKS.

VER. 5, 6, *&c.* Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the preſent Age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Viſion, repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſſed through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falſity. SCRIB.

How much the good Scriblerus was miſtaken, may be ſeen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never ſeen. BENTL.

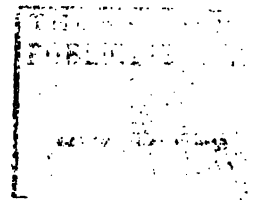
IMITATIONS.

VER. 7, 8. *Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods*
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio---------- Virg. Æn. vii.

II. Vol. V. facing p. 194.

ip-shod Sibyl led his Steps along,
fty Madness meditating Song.

Dunciad Book III.



ɔnce the Fool's Paradiſe, the Stateſman's Scheme,
ıe air-built Caſtle, and the golden Dream,
ıe maid's romantic wiſh, the Chemiſt's flame,
ıd Poet's viſion of eternal Fame.
And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
ıe King deſcending, views th' Elyſian Shade.
ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
lofty madneſs meditating ſong;

REMARKS.

VER. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely juſt, conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real *adneſs*, as that which produces real *Dulneſs*. Hence we d the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthuſiaſts of all es were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and npiſh; but on the leaſt application of *heat*, they ran like id, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Where- *fire* in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its con- tuent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-temper'd ſteel) the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people ve been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to ;ard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, juſt as the Turks and our ɔdern Methodiſts do of *Holineſs*. But if the cauſe of Mad- ſs aſſigned by a great Philoſopher be true, it will unavoid- ly fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the *dwelling r long on one object or idea*: Now as this attention is occa- ned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulneſs; iich hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination m the object it laments.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl, &c.*]

Conclamat Vates----------
-------furens antro ſe immiſit aperto. Virg.

Her treſſes ſtaring from Poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, tho' now he ſings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to Blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,

REMARKS.

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from poſſum *to* poſſet,
I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

VER. 21. *Benlowes,*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be ſeen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus* to verify which, he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

VER. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a doſe in the year 1692.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius ſits.*] Bavius was an ancient Poet

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Here, in a duſky vale, &c.*]

---- *Videt Æneas in valle reducta*
Secluſum nemus---------
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c. Virg. Æn. vi

blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
nt, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
ere Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,
and new bodies, and in Calf's array,
to the world, impatient for the day.

REMARKS.

rated by Virgil for the like cauſe as Bays by our author, gh not in ſo chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it clared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *d* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non* odit; whereas we often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great *Good Nature Mercifulneſs* thro' the whole courſe of this Poem. SCRIBL. r. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no incon- ible author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in guſtus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who ought them much ſuperior to Virgil and Horace: For iith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eter- l brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in ore than ordinary credit" Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii.

An argument which, if this poem ſhould laſt, will uce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

ER. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Bookſellers, Printers for any .—The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in orm of books, dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad ift numbers by Bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

ER. 24. *Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,*] Alluding to the of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

At pater Anchiſes penitus convalle virenti
Incluſas animas, ſuperumque ad lumen ituras,
Luſtrabat---- Virg. Æn. vi.

ER. 28. *unbar the gates of Light,*] An Hemiſtic of Milton.

Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appe
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ea

REMARKS.

VER. 34. *Ward in Pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, wa expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenc'd to the Pillory c 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewiſe th re) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in tire, as a *great act of barbarity*, Key to the Dunc. 3d ed 26. And another author reaſons thus upon it. Du 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Chriſtian Char* "animate the *rabble* to abuſe a *worthy man* in ſuch a "tion? What could move the Poet thus to mention a "*ſufferer*, a *gallant priſoner*, expoſed to the view of all "kind! It was laying aſide his *Senſes*, it was commit "*Crime*, for which the *Law* is *deficient* not to puniſh "nay, a Crime which *Man can ſcarce forgive*, or *Time* "nothing ſurely could have induced him to it but "bribed by a great Lady," &c. (to whom this brave neſt, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Fo proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verſe not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no *Egg* thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it mi intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet when he ſtood

VER. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *ſophiſticated* re I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are mi

IMITATIONS.

VER. 31, 32. *Million and millions---Thick as the ſtars*
Quam multa in ſilvis autumni frigore primo
Lapſa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c. Virg. Æ

Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
His only ſuit) for twice three years before:

REMARKS.

here: I believe I may ſay the ſame of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted have paſſed it in ſilence. I have alſo ſtumbled at it, and wondered how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons. I dare aſſert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head ran on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himſelf ſhould overlook it! Yet that *Scholiaſt* takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for *perſonal Satire* on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtleſs he might take the *ear* to be a part;) ſo likewiſe Concannen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of Commentators.--*Tota armenta ſequuntur.*

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe Gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore us to the true ſenſe of the Poet, thus,

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIB.

VER. 37. *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the Univerſity of Cambridge there were 'thoſe who gave him the *preference*." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty* '*rival* of Dryden; nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation '*above* him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even 'when his blood run high, to defend himſelf againſt Mr. 'Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions! and no wonder ſome authors indulge them.

He was author or publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He anſwered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on *one ſide*, ſucceeded not a

All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:
Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages thro' old Monks ſhe rid;
And all who ſince, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.

REMARKS.

little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco (the firſt that was ever printed with Cuts.) "Upon this he grew inſolent, "the Wits writ againſt his Play, he replied, and the Town "judged he had the better. In ſhort Settle was then thought "a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the "Town but the Univerſity was divided which to prefer; "and in both places the younger ſort inclined to Elkanah." DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

VER. 50. *Might from Bœotian, &c.*] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; tho' it produced one of the greateſt Poets and one of the greateſt Generals of Greece:

Bœotum craſſo jurares aere natum. Horat.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

-------ſine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros. Virg. Ecl. viii.

s man's Mæanders to the vital ſpring
oll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
)r whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
uck the thread in, then yield it out again:
ll nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
hall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
)r this our Queen unfolds to viſion true
hy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
)ld ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind
hall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
hen ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
nd let the paſt and future fire thy brain.
Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
er boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.

Remarks.

VER. 67. *Aſcend this hill, etc.*] The ſcenes of this viſion are markable for the order of their appearance. Firſt, from v. 7 to 73, thoſe places of the globe are ſhewn where Science ver roſe; then from v. 74 to 83, thoſe where ſhe was deoyed by *Tyranny*; from v. 85 to 95, by inundations of *rbarians*; from v. 96 to 106, by *Superſtition*. Then Rome, e Miſtreſs of Arts, deſcribed in her degeneracy; and laſtly

Imitations.

VER. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to viſion true*
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:]
his has a reſemblance to that paſſage in Milton, book xi. here the Angel
To noble ſights from Adam's Eye remov'd
The fum; then purg'd with Euphraſie and Rue
The viſual nerve — For he had much to ſee.
here is a general alluſion in what follows to that whole iſode.

See, round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the ſouth extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,

VARIATIONS.

VER. in the former Ed.

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the Introduction,

In eldeſt times, e'er Mortals writ or read,

which ſuppoſes the ſun and ſcience did not ſet out together, it was alter'd to *their bright courſe begun*. But this ſlip, as uſual, eſcaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Britain, the ſcene of the action of the poem; which furniſhes the occaſion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulneſs in review.

VER. 69. *See round the Poles, etc*] Almoſt the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt up in ignorance.

VER. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eaſtern nations.

VER. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

rom ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
nd lick up all their Phyſic of the Soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
/here, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
oon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
mbody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
o! where Mæotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
he freezing Tanais thro' a waſte of ſnows,
he North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
reat nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
e Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
f Genſeric! and Attila's dread name!
e the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
e the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
e, where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
he ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
is conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
nd ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
e Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy ſabbath keep,
nd all the weſtern world believe and ſleep.

Remarks.

Ver. 81, 82, The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolemæan Library, n the gates of which was this Inſcription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, e Phyſic of the Soul.

Ver. 96. (*The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore*)] Phœnicia, ria, &c. where Letters are ſaid to have been invented. In eſe countries Mahomet began his conqueſts.

Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring againſt heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:
'Till Peter's keys ſome chriſt'ned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;

REMARKS.

VER. 102. *thund'ring againſt heathen lore*;] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Saliſbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the ſame time that he mentions one of the ſtrangeſt effects of this exceſs of zeal in him: *Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit eccleſiam; non modo Matheſin juſſit ab aula, ſed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis ſcripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combuſſiſſe gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior eſſet locus, & major auctoritas, et diligentia ſtudioſior.* Deſiderius, Archbiſhop of Vienna, was ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; becauſe (ſays this Pope) *In uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti laudes non capiunt: Et quam græve nefandumque ſit Epiſcopis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, ipſe conſidera.* He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have burned Livy; *Quia in ſuperſtitionibus et ſacris Romanorum perpetuo verſatur.* The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who came to Rome ſhould give more attention to Triumphal Arches, *&c.* than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

VER. 109. *'Till Peter's keys ſome chriſt'ned Jove adorn,*] After

See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-wolſey brothers,
Grave Mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That one was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace, great Goddeſs, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſt age
Oh ſpread thy Influence, but reſtrain thy Rage.

REMARKS.

the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and ſome of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre eaſily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

VER. 117, 118, *Happy! bad Eaſter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 117, 118. *Happy!—bad Eaſter never been!*]
Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent. Virg. Ecl. vi.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the sky,

REMARKS.

VER. 126. *Dove-like, she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth both.

VER. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause!*] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these Classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full Glory.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate!--See all her Progeny, &c.*]
Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam. Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 131. *As Berecynthia, etc.*]
Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Lætà deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes. Virg. Æn. vi.

Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and ev'ry ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub-ſtreet her triumphant round;
And her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.
Mark firſt that youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 139. *Mark firſt that Youth, etc.*]
Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur haſta,
Proxima ſorte tenet lucis loca ——— Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!*] A manner of expreſſion uſed by Virgil, Ecl. viii.
Naſcere! præque diem veniens age, Lucifer—
As alſo that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to ſhew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here preſents himſelf, the reader may be cautioned againſt aſcribing wholly to the Father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be underſtood with an eye to the Son.

VER. 145. *From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,*]
— ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris! Virg. Æn. vi.

Thee ſhall each alehouſe, thee each gillhouſe mourn,
And anſw'ring gin-ſhops ſowrer ſighs return.

Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law. 150

VARIATIONS.

VER. 149. in the firſt Edit. it was,

Woolſton, the ſcourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuſs of Law?

REMARKS.

VER. 149. *Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] "This *Gentleman* is ſon of a *conſiderable Malſter* of Romſey in "Southamptonſhire, and bred to the Law under a *very eminent* "*Attorney*: Who between his *more laborious* ſtudies, has *di-* "*verted* himſelf with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets "and their works, which has occaſioned him to try his genius "that way—He has writ in proſe the *Lives* of the *Poets*, "*Eſſays*, and a great many Law-books, *The Accompliſhed* "*Conveyancer*, *Modern Juſtice*, *etc.*" GILES JACOB of himſelf, *Lives of Poets*, vol. 1. He very groſly, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. *Gay*.

VER. 149, 150. Jacob, *the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;*
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law]
There may ſeem ſome error in theſe verſes, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a *Reſpect* for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a *Regard* for my *Judgment*; other-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 147. *Thee ſhall each alehouſe, etc.*]

Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus. Virg. Æn. vii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

—— *etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ, etc.*

VER. 150. Virg. Æn. vi.— *duo fulmina belli*
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!

Lo P— p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 151. *Lo P---p---le's brow, &c.*] In the former Edit.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

' wiſe he would never have ſubſcribed *Two Guineas* to me, for ' one ſmall book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I ſhould think the appellation of *Blunderbuſs* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. " My writings having ' made great impreſſion on the minds of all ſenſible men, Mr. ' P. *repented*, and to *give proof of his Repentance*, ſubſcribed to ' my two volumes of ſelect Works, and afterwards to my two ' Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch Authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity.

VER. 152. *Horneck and Roome.*] Theſe two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in *Honour* and *Employment*. The firſt was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingſgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where by malicious innuendoes he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

" You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
" Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
" You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
" The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face.

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each Songſter, Riddler, ev'ry nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 157. *Each Songſter, Riddler, etc.*] In the former Ed.
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameleſs name.

After v. 158. in the firſt Edit. followed,
How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

P—le was the author of ſome vile Plays and Pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

VER. 153. *Goode,*] An ill-natured Critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æſop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

VER. 156. *Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:*] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the Annuals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the Poet ſlurs them over with others in general.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!
Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer,
Tho' ſtale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;

REMARKS.

VER. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a Poem: This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *Engliſh* Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being adviſed to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled and replied, "*Shakeſpeare* writ without rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political news-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Journal, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

VER. 168. *Morris,*] *Beſaleel*, See Book ii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 166. *And makes Night hideous*]

——*Viſit thus the glimpſes of the moon,*
Making Night hideous—— Shakeſp.

VER. 169. *Flow, Welſted, flow! etc.*] Parody on *Denham*, upon *Cooper's Hill*.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, tho' not fu
Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd r
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?

REMARKS.

VER. 169. *Flows*, Welſted, *etc.*] Of this autho
Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be imparti
it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welſted* had, in his youth, raiſed ſo great ex
of his future genius, that there was a *kind of ſtruggl*
the moſt eminent of the two Unive ſities, which ſh
the *honour* of his education. To *compound* this, he
became a member of both, and after having paſſed
at the one, he removed to the other. From ther
turned to town, where he became the *darling Ex*
all the polite Writers, whoſe encouragement he
ledged in his occaſional poems, in a manner that
ſo ſmall part of the Fame of his protectors. It alſ
from his Works, that he was happy in the patron
moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age—Enco
ſuch a *Combination* in his favour, he—publiſhed a
poems, ſome in the *Ovidian*, ſome in the *Horatian*
in both which the moſt exquiſite Judges pronounce
rival'd his maſters—His love verſes have reſcued th
writing from contempt---In his Tranſlations, he
us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His
Epiſtle---his Verſes---his Love tale---all, are the
beſt things in all poetry. WELSTED of *Himſelf, Cha*
Times, 8vo, 1728, *pag.* 23, 24. It ſhould not be
his honour, that he received at one time the ſum of
dred pounds for ſecret ſervice, among the other exc
thors hired to write anonymouſly for the miniſtry.
port of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

VER. 173. *Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!*] Theſe men be
public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their talents. Th
needs turn critics of their own country writers (ju
ſtotle and Longinus did of theirs) and diſcourſe
beauties and defects of compoſition:

lockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor, 175
ut fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

REMARKS.

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The Body's harmony, the beaming ſoul.

Whereas had they followed the Example of thoſe *micraſcopes of wit*, Kuſter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticiſm on the learned Languages, their acuteneſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name equal to the moſt famous of the Scholiaſts. We cannot therefore but lament the lateapoſtacy of the *Prebendary of Rochester*, who beginning in a good a train, has now turned ſhort to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE, and DREAMS upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſpirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belabour'd *Obſervations*. SCRIBL.

Here, Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiaſt of ſolid learning. ARIST.

VER. 173. *Ah Dennis, etc.*] The reader, who has ſeen thro' the courſe of theſe notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be mentioned but twice, and ſo ſlightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with ſome diſdain, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) *ſet his name* to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!*] Virg Æn. vi.

------*Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella,*
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires;
Tuque prior, tu parce---ſanguis meus!---

Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!

REMARKS.

he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was ſenior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longeſt bodily life.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, etc.*] One of theſe was Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Paſquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abuſed with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope*'s, had their united laudable endeavours diſcouraged him from purſuing his ſtudies. How few good works had ever appeared (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the ſerpents ſhould ſtrangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;*] Virg. Æn. vi.

Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ-----

And in the fifth,

Euryalus, forma inſignis viridique juventa,
Niſus amore pio pueri.

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;

REMARKS.

The union of theſe two authors gave occaſion to this Epigram:

" .... --- and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
" Came hiſſing out in verſe;
" Both were ſo forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hung an A— -.
" Thus Amphiſbœna (I have read)
" At either end aſſails;
" None knows which leads or which is led,
" For both Heads are but Tails."

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe injury to him was of ſo old a date. In the verſes he omitted, it was ſaid that one of them had a *pious paſſion* for the other. It was a literal tranſlation of *Virgil, Niſus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendſhip: That between *Niſus* and *Eurialus* is allowed to make one of the moſt amiable Epiſodes in the world, and ſurely was never interpreted in a perverſe ſenſe. But it will aſtoniſh the reader to hear, that, on no other occaſion than this line, a dedication was written to this Gentleman to induce him to think ſomething further. " Sir, " you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful " part of the creation which God and Nature deſigned. " —Sir, you have a very fine Lady—and, Sir, you have " eight very fine Children,"—*etc.* [*Dedic. to* Dennis *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turned upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever ſince ſome books were written againſt the *Stage*, and ſince the *Italian opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: He went ſo far as to print upon the ſubject, and concludes his argument with this remark. " That he cannot help thinking the Obſcenity of " Plays excuſeable at this juncture; ſince when that exe- " crable ſin is ſpread ſo wide, it may be of uſe to the re- " ducing mens minds to the natural deſire of women."

Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.
" But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchment ſcraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

DENNIS, *Stage defended* againſt Mr. *Law*, p. 20. Our author ſolemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

VER. 184. *That ſhines a* Conſul, *this* Commiſſioner.] Such places were given at this time to ſuch ſort of Writers.

VER. 187. *arede*] *Read*, or *peruſe*; though ſometimes uſed for *counſel*. " READE THY READ, *take thy Counſaile*. Thomas Sternhold, in his tranſlation of the firſt pſalm into " Engliſh metre, hath *wiſely* made uſe of this word,

The man is bleſt that hath not bent
To wicked READ *his ear.*

" But in the laſt ſpurious editions of the ſinging Pſalms the " word READ is changed into *men*. I ſay *ſpurious* editions, " becauſe not only here, but quite throughout the whole " book of Pſalms, are *ſtrange alterations*, all for the worſe; " and yet the Title-page ſtands as it uſed to do! and all " (which is *abominable* in any book, much more in a ſacred " work) is aſcribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, " and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins " now living they would proceed againſt the innovators as " cheats.---A liberty, which, to ſay no more of their intoler-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. Æn. vi. queſtions and anſwers in this manner, of *Numa*:

Quis procul ille autem ramis inſignis oliuæ,
Sacra ferens?--noſco crines, incanaque menta, &c.

To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt!

REMARKS.

'able alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or 'approved of by ſuch as are for *Uniformity*, and have any 'regard for the *old* Engliſh Saxon tongue." HEARNE, Gloſſ. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object that ſuch words are become *unintelligible*; ſince they are *truly Engliſh*, men ought to underſtand them; and ſuch as are for *Uniformity* ſhould thihk all alterations in a language, *ſtrange, abominable*, and *unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I ſay again, hath our Poet uſed ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. SCRIB.

Ibid. *myſter wight.*] Uncouth mortal.

VER. 188. Wormius *hight*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much leſs (as it was unwarrantably foiſted into the ſurreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary publiſhed many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment peruſed.

Moſt rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in ſpeaking of ſuch who ſo greatly delight in the ſame. We may ſay not only rightly, but *wiſely*, yea *excellently*, inaſmuch as for the like practice the like praiſe is given by Mr. Hearne himſelf, Gloſſar. to Rob. of Glocester, Artic. BEHETT; "Others ſay BEHIGHT, "*promiſed*, and ſo it is uſed *excellently well* by Thomas Nor-"ton, in his tranſlation into Metre of the cxivth Pſalm, v. 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT;

"Where the modern innovators, not underſtanding the "propriety of the word (which is *truly Engliſh*, from the "Saxon) have moſt *unwarrantably* alter'd it thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows
With joy and great delight.

VER. 188. *bight.*] "In Cumberland they ſay to *bight*, for to "*promiſe*, or *vow*; but HIGHT, uſually ſignifies *was called*;

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiaſts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, ſee only in the dark,
A Lumberhouſe of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hiſt'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow,
Diſhoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt Edit. it was,

And proud philoſophy with breeches tore,
And Engliſh muſic with a diſmal ſcore,
Faſt by in darkneſs palpable inſhrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

" and ſo it does in the North even to this day, notwithſtand-
" ing what is done in Cumberland." Hearne, ibid.

VER. 192. *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] Theſe few lines exactly deſcribe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleaſed; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty.* Some body ſaid well of theſe men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order.*

VER. 199. *lo, Henley ſtands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon all other ſciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaimed ſome years againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Tranſactions, N. 1. publiſhed by Henley himſelf, gives the following account of him. " He was born at Melton-
" Mowbray in Leiceſterſhire. From his own Pariſh ſchool he

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!

REMARKS.

"went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there "to be uneaſy; for it *ſhock'd* him to find he was *commanded* "*to believe* againſt his own judgment in points of Religion, "Philoſophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to *diſ-* "*pute all propoſitions*, and *call all points to account*, he was im- "patient under thoſe fetters of the free-born mind — Being "admitted to Prieſt's orders, he found the examination very "ſhort and ſuperficial, and that it was not *neceſſary to con-* "*form to the Chriſtian religion*, in order either to *Deaconſhip* or "*Prieſthood*." He came to town, and, after having for ſome years been a writer for Bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Miniſters of ſtate. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a "diſreliſh entertained of him, becauſe *he was not qualified to* "*be a compleat Spaniel*." However, he offered the ſervice of his pen to two great men, of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtyled himſelf the *Reſtorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought, "it as lawful to take a licence from the King "and Parliament at one place, as another; at Hickes's- "hall, as at Doctor's commons; ſo ſet up his Oratory in "Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (ſays his friend) "he had the *aſſurance* to form a plan, which no mortal ever "thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt all oppoſition; chal- "lenged his adverſaries to fair diſputations, and *none would* "*diſpute* with him; writ, read, and ſtudied twelve hours a "day; compoſed three diſſertations a week on all ſubjects; "undertook to teach in *one year* what ſchools and Univer- "ſities teach in *five*; was not terrified by menaces, inſults, "or ſatires, but ſtill proceeded, matured his bold ſcheme, "and put the *Church*, and *all that* in *danger*." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. N. 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonry upon all public and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts,

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon preach in vain.
Oh great Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with Butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.

Yet oh, my ſons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the ears you lend)

REMARKS.

and ſometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Euchariſt*.--This wonderful perſon ſtruck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his ſubſcribers: The device, a Star riſing to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp-Doctor.

VER. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,*] Biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

VER. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, ſee Book ii. *The Woolſton* was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the miracles of the Goſpel, in the years 1726, &c.

VER. 213. *Yet oh, my Sons! &c.*] The caution againſt Blaſphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs in the fourth book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the Source of Light

'is yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
ut oh! with One, immortal One diſpenſe,
'he Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe.
'ontent, each Emanation of his fires
'hat beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
ach Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Vhate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.

REMARKS.

ſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the ureſt emanations from it.

VER. 215. *'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,*
A NEWTON*'s genius, or a Milton's flame:*

'hankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracious licence y the beloved diſciple of that Prince of Cabaliſtic dunces, the 'emendous Hutchinſon. Hear with what honeſt plainneſs e treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonſtration (ſaith he) founded upon the Proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, theſe have no more to do with the greateſt part of philoſophy, than they have with the man in the Moon. Indeed, the Zeal for this ſort of Gibberiſh [*mathematical Principles*] is greatly abated of late, and tho' it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern Philoſophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the Ark of God, *Scripture philoſophy*; for ſo long MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have been publiſhed; and the Treatiſe of Power *eſſential and mechanical*, in which Sir Iſaac Newton's Philoſophy is treated with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, has been publiſhed a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole Society who hath had the Courage to attempt to raiſe him up. And ſo let him lye." *The philoſophical principles of Moſes aſſerted, &c.* p. 2. by ULIUS BATE, A. M. *Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl f Harrington.* Lond. 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Perſiſt, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, " Learn, ye DUNCES! not to ſcorn your
Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half thro' the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sir
See now, what Dulneſs and her ſons admire:
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple he
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by A
His never-bluſhing head he turn'd aſide,
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman propheſy

REMARKS.

VER. 224. *But, " Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn yo* The hardeſt leſſon a *Dunce* can learn. For being bre what he does not underſtand, that which he unc leaſt he will be apt to *ſcorn* moſt. Of which, to the of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) eve of DULNESS herſelf, we have had a late example i intitled, *Philoſophical Eſſays concerning human Underſtan*

VER. 224. *not to ſcorn your God.*] See this ſubject in Book iv.

VER. 232. *(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman pr* Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Gooc ing at the rehearſal of a play, in which he had a part him on the ſhoulder, and cried, " If he does not " good actor, I'll be d—d.—And (ſays Mr. Cibbe " it a queſtion, whether Alexander himſelf, or Ch " twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their fi " rious armies, could feel a greater tranſport in thei " than I did in mine."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224.—*Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your G*
Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, & non temnere divos.

And look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorc'rer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, Heav'n deſcends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;

REMARKS.

VER. 233. *a ſable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſubject of a ſet of Farces, which laſted in vogue two or three ſeaſons, in which both Playhouſes ſtrove to outdo each other for ſome years. All the extravagances in the ſixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

VER. 237. *Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth;*] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 244. *And other planets*]
---*ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt*--- Virg. Æn. vi.

VER. 246. *Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;*]
Delphinum ſilvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. Hor.

And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt Egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r theſe wonders wrought?
Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! Look and find
Each monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! his nod theſe worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:

REMARKS.

VER. 248. *Lo! one vaſt Egg*] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin is hatch'd upon the ſtage, out of a large Egg.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251. *Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee:*]
Quod petis in te eſt-----
---- Ne te quæſiveris extra. Perſ.

VER. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, etc.*] Like Salmoneus in Æn. vi.
Dum flammas Jovis, et ſonitus imitatur Olympi.
---- nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum curſu ſimularat equorum.

VER. 258.---*o'er all unclaſſic ground:*] Alludes to Mr. Addiſon's verſe, in the praiſes of Italy:
Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground.
As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the ſame author in The Campaign; and ver. 259, 260, on two ſublime verſes of Dr. Y.

Yon ſtars, yon ſuns; he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe
Mid ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
And proud his Miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.

REMARKS.

VER 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, Maſter of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the firſt that excelled in this way.

VER. 266. *I ſee my Cibber there!*] The hiſtory of the foregoing abſurdities is verified by himſelf, in theſe words (Life, chap. xv.) "Then ſprung forth that ſucceſſion of monſtrous 'medleys that have ſo long infeſted the ſtage which aroſe 'upon one another alternately at both houſes, out-vying 'each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuſe his own part in them, as follows: "If I am aſked why I aſ-'ſented? I have no better excuſe for my error than to con-'feſs I did it againſt my conſcience, and had not virtue 'enough to ſtarve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for 'changing his Religion? I was ſtill in my heart, as much as 'he could be, on the ſide of Truth and Senſe; but with 'this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when 'they could not ſupport me.—But let the queſtion go which 'way it will, Harry IVth has *always been allowed a great man.*" This muſt be confeſſed a full anſwer, only the queſtion ſtill ſeems to be, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's conſcience is an excuſe for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Senſe to quit their ſervice, unleſs he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it.

Dire is the conflict, dismal is the dinn,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 274. in the former Ed. followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald*; unless the Play called the *Double Falshood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakespear*'s: But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakespear* to have written as bad, (which, methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almost *rising to idolatry*, might have been concealed) as for example,

Try what *Repentance* can: what can it not?
But what can it, when one cannot *repent*?
-----For *Cogitation*
Resides not in the man who does not *think*, &c.
MIST'S JOURN.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate *Shakespear*.

Var. id. The former Annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespear*'s; it is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald*'s Arguments to the contrary: First, that the MS. was above sixty years old: Secondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard so: Thirdly, that somebody told him the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his: but Fourthly, and above all, "That he has *a great* "*mind* every thing that is good in our tongue *should be* "Shakespear's." I allow these reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor: a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this *dear relick*.

'hese Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
oreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

VARIATIONS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio, good Camillo*'s son
(Who as he says [ ] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [ ] expect)
He doth follicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that *like him well.*

his place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a meer insignicant expletive, but the alteration of that single word reores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo*'s son,
Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth follicit the return of gold.

ere you have not only the *Person* specified, by whose hands ie return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the ime by which it was required. *Camillo*'s son was to follow ard upon—What? Why upon *July—Horse* that *like him well*, very absurd: Read it, without contradiction,

-----Horse, that *he likes well.*

ACT I. at the End.

-----I must stoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *C mparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service;

ith *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, objecting his igh quality: What have his *Comparisons* here to do? Correct boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ll the verse of this scene is confounded with prose:

---O that man
Could reason down this *Feaver* of the blood,

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;

VARIATIONS.

Or ſooth with *words* the tumult in his heart!
Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend.
Read —this *fervor* of the blood,
Then *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend.
marking the juſt oppoſition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes *ſhake* fire!—ſaid by *Violante*, obſerving how the luſtful ſhepherd looks at her. It muſt be, as the ſenſe plainly demands,

-----How his eyes *take* fire!
And meaſure every piece of youth about me!

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore diſguiſes* for ſome *ends*.
She had but one diſguiſe, and wore it but for one end. Reſtore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were diſguiſed* for ſome *end*.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

---To oaths no more give credit,
To tears, to vows; falſe *both!*

Falſe Grammar I'm ſure. *Both* can relate but to *two* things: and ſee! how eaſy a change ſets it right?

To tears, to vows, falſe *troth*---

I could ſhew you that very word *Troth*, in *Shakeſpear*, a hundred times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*.

This I fear is of a piece with *None but itſelf can be its parallel* for the grave *puts an end* to all ſorrow, it can then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakeſpear* where we can: make no doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word gives a much ſtronger emphaſis to *Violante*'s concern. This figure is called *Ana*

Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praiſe,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes:
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.

VARIATIONS.

dyploſis. I could ſhew you a hundred juſt ſuch in him, if I had nothing elſe to do. SCRIBL.

After v. 284. in the former Ed. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.

REMARKS.

VER. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

VER. 268. *On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.*] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. ſolemnly declares this not to be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will underſtand it *allegorically* only.

VER. 282. *Annual trophies* on the Lord-mayor's day: and *monthly wars* in the Artillery ground.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my party*] Settle, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popiſh ſucceſſor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other ſide. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17. 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Avert it heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'ſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And ev'ry year be duller than the laſt,
'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 295. *Safe in its heavineſs, &c.*] in the former Ed.
Too ſafe in inborn heavineſs to ſtray;
And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thy Dragons, Magiſtrates, and Peers ſhall taſte,
And from each ſhew riſe duller than the laſt.
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

VER. 297. *Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,*] It ſtood in the firſt edition with blanks, * * *and* * *. Concanen was ſure "they muſt needs mean no body but *King* "*GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE*; and ſaid he "would inſiſt it was ſo, till the poet cleared himſelf "by filling up the blanks otherwiſe, agreeably to the con- "text, and conſiſtent with his *allegiance*." Pref. to a Collection of verſes, eſſays, letters, *&c.* againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway;
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heav'n thou can'ſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.
Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.

REMARKS.

VER. 305. *Polypheme*] He tranſlated the Italian Opera of Poliſemo; but unfortunately loſt the whole jeſt of the ſtory. The Cyclops aſks Ulyſſes his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noman*: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire *who has hurt him?* he anſwers *Noman*; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Tranſlator made Ulyſſes anſwer, *I take no name*, whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himſelf on ſubſcribing to the Engliſh Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with reſpect to the Odyſſey, or he might have been better inſtructed in the Greek *Pun-nology*.

VER. 308, 309. *Fauſtus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miſerable Farces, which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the Tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

VER. 312. *enſure it but from Fire*] In Tibbald's farce of Proſerpine, a corn field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other play-houſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rival'd each other in ſhowing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now Bavius take the Poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of Plays!

Variations.

Ver. 323. *See, ſee, our own, &c.*] in the former Ed.

Beneath his reign, ſhall Euſden wear the bays,
Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benſon ſole Judge of Architecture ſit,
And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!
I ſee th' unfiniſh'd Dormitory wall,
I ſee the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, tranſlating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed great days, &c.

Remarks.

Ver. 313. *Another Æſchylus appears!*] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

Ver. 315. *like Semele's,*] See Ovid. Met. iii.

On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is prefer'd for Wit!

REMARKS.

VER. 325. *On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!*] W—m Benſon (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majeſty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in a very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

VER. 326. *Ambroſe Philips*] "He was (ſaith Mr. JACOB) "one of the wits at Button's, and a juſtice of the peace;" But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. "Indeed "he confeſſes, he dares not ſet him *quite on the ſame foot*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,*
Th' Auguſtus, etc.

Hic vir, hic eſt! tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis,
Auguſtus Cæſar, divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam----- Virg. Æn. vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned book I. v. 26.

See under Ripley riſe a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends, 330

REMARKS.

" *with Virgil*, leſt it ſhould *ſeem* flattery, but he is much " miſtaken if poſterity does not afford him a *greater eſteem* " than he *at preſent enjoys*." He endeavoured to create ſome miſunderſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the *Examiner*: A falſhood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

VER. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall*:] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-houſe of White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet-houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden had been juſt then reſtored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

VER. 330. *Gay dies unpenſion'd, etc.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables; and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: That verſe of Horace

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 331. in the former Editions thus,

-------O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, tranſlating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following Note, "He concludes his irony "with a ſtroke upon himſelf: for whoever imagines this a "ſarcaſm on the other ingenious perſon, is ſurely miſtaken. "The opinion our Author had of him was ſufficiently ſhewn "by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyſſey*; in "which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous "agreement, diſcharged his part ſo much to Mr. Pope's ſa-"tisfaction, that he gratified him with the full ſum of *Five "hundred pounds*, and a preſent of all thoſe books for which "his own intereſt could procure him ſubſcribers, to the "value of *One hundred more*. The author only ſeems to la-"ment, that he was employed in Tranſlation at all."

REMARKS.

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Briſtol fifty, *etc.* It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: It was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the ſhore,
'Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
'Till Thames ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play,
'Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday.

REMARKS.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.*

VER. 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;*] See Book i. ver. 26.

VER. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was ſo long employed in tranſlating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719. The edition of Shakeſpear (which he undertook merely becauſe no body elſe would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions, rectifying the Scenery, *etc.* and the Tranſlation of half the Odyſſey employed him from that time to 1725.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days! etc.*] It may perhaps ſeem incredible, that ſo great a Revolution in Learning as is here propheſied, ſhould be brought about by ſuch *weak Inſtruments* as have been [hitherto] deſcribed in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe Inſtruments. Remember what the Dutch ſtories ſomewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a ſmall opening made in one of their dykes by a ſingle *Water-Rat.*

However, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools from the Regularity of our Univerſities, the Diſcernment of our Great men, the Accompliſhments of our

'ill !fis' Elders reel, their pupils ſport,
nd Alma mater lie diſſolv'd in Port?
Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
nd thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Viſion flies. 340

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in the firſt Edit. were the following lines,

Then when theſe ſigns declare the mighty year,
When the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkneſs! (the dread Pow'r ſhall ſay)
All ſhall be darkneſs, as it ne'er were day;
To their firſt Chaos Wit's vain works ſhall fall,
And univerſal darkneſs cover all.

REMARKS.

obility, the encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius f our Writers in all kinds (notwithſtanding ſome few excepons in each) may plainly be ſeen from his concluſion; where auſing all this viſion to paſs through the Ivory Gate, he exreſsly, in the language of Poeſy, declares all ſuch imaginaons to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Proceed, great days! etc. 'Till Eirch ſhall bluſh, etc.*] nother great prophet of Dulneſs, on this ſide Styx, proiſeth thoſe days to be near at hand. *The Devil* (ſaith he) *cenſed Biſhops to licenſe Maſters of Schools to inſtruct youth in the nowledge of the heathen Gods, their religion, etc. The Schools and Iniv rſities will ſoon be tired and aſhamed of Claſſics and ſuch trumery.* HUTCHINSON'S *Uſe of Reaſon recover.d.* SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, etc.*]
Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes. Virg. Æn. vi.

The END of the THIRD BOOK.

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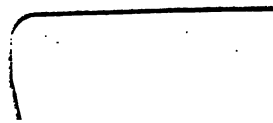
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